

The TATLER

Vol. GLXVIII. No. 2187

and **BYSTANDER**

London
May 26, 1943



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

JAEGER

GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER AGENT
or write to JAEGER, 204 Regent Street, London, for nearest address

Meet me in
FORTNUM'S
RESTAURANT

FORTNUM & MASON LIMITED, PICCADILLY

Men who know wear
Drescott Clothes

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality

For sweet breath
and pearly teeth-use

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

**HIGHLAND
QUEEN**

Grand
Liqueur



MACDONALD & MUIR LTD. - Leith, Edinburgh
Distilleries — Glenmoray-Glenlivet & Glenmorangie



ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE LTD.
COMPANY. L

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET

LONDON, S.W.1

IT'S PRETTY PLAIN ..

TRADE MARK

'Celanese'
still means
Quality



To me—and please don't think me vain—

'Utility' sounded pretty Plain

But there's no reason for self-pity

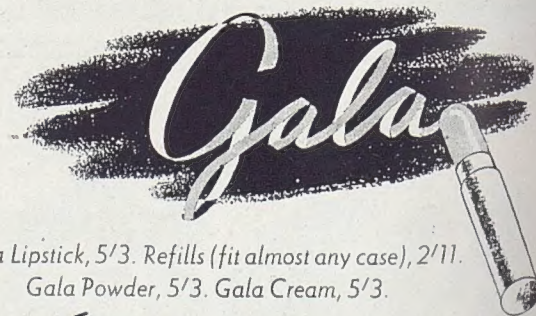
This 'Celanese' is just plain Pretty!

LFI63



CHARACTER

A WOMAN'S LIPS are a key to her character, and to-day lips have a firmer and more resolute line, for they shape words of command, laugh at danger, and with a smile suppress weariness and pain. A little lipstick gives added character to the mouth and added self-confidence to the wearer. It is for this reason that the makers of Gala continue to manufacture this famous lipstick and suggest that its use in moderation is an asset to our wartime morale.



Gala Lipstick, 5/3. Refills (fit almost any case), 2/11.

Gala Powder, 5/3. Gala Cream, 5/3.

THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN

THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Price:

One Shilling and Sixpence

Vol. CLXVIII. No. 2187

LONDON

MAY 26, 1943

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



Growing Up: The Princesses at a Theatre with the Queen

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret went with the Queen to a special performance of J. M. Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows*, at the Lyric Theatre, a short time ago, given in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. Princess Elizabeth, now seventeen years old, takes an increasingly active part in public life, and frequently accompanies her mother to functions in aid of charity. On April 21 the King and Queen gave a dance at Windsor Castle in honour of her birthday, and some days earlier the Princess carried out her first public engagement, when she inspected a battalion of the Grenadier Guards, of which regiment she is colonel. Lessons still occupy a great deal of her time; history, music and French are favourite subjects. Some months ago, the Queen and Princess Margaret were spectators at the ceremony when Princess Elizabeth was enrolled as a Sea Ranger



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Tribute

AT the outset of the battle for North Africa Mr. Churchill proclaimed that it was President Roosevelt's campaign. He was merely the President's willing lieutenant. We now know, as several people suspected at the time, that Mr. Churchill was being modest. In his message of congratulation to the Prime Minister the King has told the world that the campaign was due to Mr. Churchill's conception and vision. There was warmth and deep sincerity in the words used by the King, for they echoed the thoughts shared by so many.

The King said "the African campaign has immeasurably increased the debt that this country and, indeed, all the United Nations, owe to you." In its way Mr. Churchill's reply was as striking and as chivalrous as the King's. "No Minister of the Crown has ever received more kindness and confidence from his Sovereign than I have done during the three fateful years . . ." There was a tribute to the stability and continuity of British institutions in Mr. Churchill's proud reminder that his father and grandfather both served in Cabinets in Queen Victoria's reign, and that he himself served the King's grandfather and his father as a minister for many years.

This is a remarkable record for any family, but we can safely say that Mr. Churchill has added lustre equalled only by Marlborough to his family's history. He has never sought any of the usual marks of honour in his long

career, but I believe the gratitude of this country is so deep at the moment that he may find it difficult to refuse some signal distinction to crown his successful labours in the near future.

Unique

IT is not often that a man who is not an American is invited to address the Congress of the United States more than once. But in a period of a few months Mr. Churchill has enjoyed that honour. Obviously it was the wish of the majority of Congress that Mr. Churchill should address them once more. It is difficult to compare one of Mr. Churchill's speeches with another, for all carry the weight of conviction as well as the inspiration of phrasing. Oratory apart, surely it is significant that a British statesman is able to command such influence in the United States after so many years in which the friendship of two nations so closely related has been no deeper than the lip service of a few. By the power of his personality and the persistence of his policy, it can be said with truth that Mr. Churchill has brought the United States and Great Britain closer together in common aim and understanding than at any previous time in history.

Decisions

WE shall have to wait some time to know all the decisions agreed on by President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill in this last series of conferences. I feel certain that we shall find that the Far East has received close scrutiny from the two statesmen which will lead in all probability to a revision of the previous conceptions of Allied strategy in the Pacific. Though badly damaged in the air and on the sea, Japan is still immensely strong, particularly on the land. Her soldiers have acquired practised ability in jungle warfare which might take British and American troops a long time to emulate. In any case, we cannot expect to defeat Japan in the jungles of Burma and Malaya, and on the islands of the Pacific. The most mortal blow we could aim must surely be at the very heart of Japan. This could best be done by combined sea and air attack, and with the freeing of the Mediterranean this might be a less difficult problem than it was a few months ago.

Determination

WHILE both President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill must be anxious not to lose any opportunity to harass Japan, I am certain that neither will make the mistake of dividing the Allied strength to the detriment of operations in Europe. The Axis has been weakened to a degree which we cannot yet fully appreciate by their North African defeat. It would be folly to allow respite for Italy or Germany in order to concentrate on Japan. At the same time it should now be possible to contemplate acting effectively in Europe as well as the Pacific. For President Roosevelt there is something like a political necessity that he should increase the tempo of the attacks on Japan. Former Isolationists in the United States are trying to make political capital out of the President's preoccupation with the war in Europe. To satisfy these critics and to



Helping to Beat the U-Boat

Here is Captain F. M. R. Stephenson, R.N., of H.M.S. *Batler*. His ship is a convoy escort carrier, built in America, and her crew includes officers and men of the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines and the Fleet Air Arm.

fulfil the opportunities offered by the weakening of the Axis in Europe new strategy will be required. I should not be surprised if President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill have not been devising fresh methods to deal with Japan.

Prisoners

THERE is something strange about the surrender of von Arnim and his generals in North Africa, and it is made more mysterious by the messages sent by the Afrika Korps commander to Hitler just before the end. These messages caused Goebbels to tell the world that von Arnim had surrendered because he was short of supplies. There was not any truth in this assertion and, therefore, the question arises why did von Arnim tell Hitler that he had fired his last cartridge? It would seem that von Arnim, like so many of his military colleagues in Germany, is unhappy about the Nazi control and certain about the fate awaiting their country. If this assumption be true, it is conceivable that von Arnim considered discretion to be the better part of valour and preferred a prison camp in this country to the prospects of being involved in a political upheaval in Germany. The Germans are now undergoing their severest test. It would be wishful thinking to attempt any forecast of events in the immediate future. But none can doubt that the strain is approaching, if it has not already reached, breaking point. Von Thoma may have known this when he surrendered, and von Arnim probably knows more.

Abdication

CLOWED by the prospects of intensified bombing, fearful of invasion, starved by the breakdown of economic life and facing the prospect of revolution, Italy is in a sorry plight. It seems that the limit of defeatism has been reached where both high and low are overcome by a paralysis which prevents them from acting in any way. This is abdication. If Italy has given up herself in this way, the invasion by Allied troops can be the only solution to resolve her problems. The time has gone by when we need to examine the rumours out of Italy for the purpose of sifting the propaganda. The facts are real enough for any one to understand and to estimate. More than twenty years of Fascism have robbed the Italians of individuality and courage. There



At a Bomber Station

Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, A.O.C.-in-C. Bomber Command (right) chatted with Air Commodore Gus Walker, D.S.O., D.F.C., former Rugby international, and the R.A.F.'s youngest Air Commodore. In the centre is Air Vice-Marshal C. R. Carr



Commanding General U.S. Fighter Command

Brigadier General Frank O'D. Hunter was one of America's ace pilots during the last war. Known to his friends as "Monk" Hunter, he is the most decorated American pilot in the U.S. Air Force after Captain Eddie Rickenbacker. He still flies when his duties allow, and can handle any type of pursuit aircraft



Lord Halifax and His Son in America

Lieutenant the Hon. Richard Wood, seen here with his father, Viscount Halifax, British Ambassador in Washington, recently arrived in America. He was severely wounded early this year, losing both his legs. Another of Lord Halifax's sons, the Hon. Peter Wood, was killed in action last year

does not appear to be anybody capable of supplanting Mussolini and making an appeal to the populace. All we hear is the talk of King Victor Emmanuel's abdication, and the restoration to power of old men who have long since hidden their distaste of Fascism until their desire to act is atrophied.

Waiting

HITLER's decision is the one which the high-ups in Italy await. Is Hitler, for political as well as military reasons, prepared to meet the Allies in full battle on the plains of Italy? This is what the defence of Italy means for Germany, and one can readily understand what appears to be the hesitancy of the Germans in declaring afresh the solidarity of the Axis. I am reminded once again of the philosophic Italian who declared in 1940 that the side on which Italy fought must lose the war. Hitler has to decide whether it is wiser to maintain a political façade and waste his

military assets on Italy, or to create the strongest possible fortress round Germany and leave Mussolini to his fate. Hitler may want to keep his word to Mussolini—though no sane person would rely on that—but the German High Command may not allow him. The Axis has not been a paying proposition for Germany and the generals may argue that, politics apart, Germany must look after herself.

Devastating

THE bombing of the Mohne, Sorpe and Eder dams by the Royal Air Force is described as the biggest single and most devastating blow aimed at Germany. If nothing else, this single attack proves the vulnerability of any fortress plan for Germany which Hitler may have devised. By this one stroke not only one or two factories, but the whole productive territory of the Ruhr may have been affected to a degree impossible to estimate at once. No wonder the Germans

in Switzerland and Sweden say openly and with conviction that there is no hope and that Germany ought to make peace today rather than tomorrow. How true to form is this kind of utterance; it shows that Germans do not alter. When they see fate overtaking them they surrender—to fight another day. We shall see whether Hitler is persuaded to follow this normal German policy or whether he will try to hold out to the bitter end.

Leadership

IN Washington President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill are said to have discussed the future leadership of the Allied armies in Europe. Unless there are considerations which cannot be known to all, it seems to me that it would be a great pity to change the combination which produced victory in North Africa. I feel certain that Mr. Churchill will be of the opinion that once you have got a winning combination you should stick to it.



At The Firemen Artists' Exhibition

Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., and Mrs. Winston Churchill admired the portrait by Mr. Norman Hepple, which he painted of Miss Wilkinson while she was in hospital. She broke her ankle a few months ago in a glider accident



A 1,000th Aircraft For "Sailor" Malan's Sector

Group Captain A. G. Malan, D.S.O., D.F.C., famous South African ace pilot, is seen here with Squadron Leader E. F. J. Charles, D.F.C., a Canadian, who was one of two pilots to shoot down the thousandth enemy aircraft destroyed by the sector which Malan commands. With them is Wing Commander A. C. Deere, D.F.C.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Naval Occasion

By James Agate

THERE was a period in my life when I was inclined to make too much of a certain French actress. So much so that I was rebuked by no less a person than Sir Max Beerbohm who wrote: "You may say, 'one can't hear too much about Sarah.' But I, in my blunt Yorkshire way (for I am Yorkshire on the distaff side), reply: 'Lad, one can.'" Similarly I shall make bold to declare in my blunt Yorkshire way (for I, too, am Yorkshire on the distaff side) that one can have too much of war films. Particularly when a war film is not especially good.

We Dive at Dawn (Leicester Square) takes a long time to get under way. We are introduced to the crew of the submarine, "Sea Tiger," and there is a great deal about Leading-Seaman Hobson (Eric Portman) and how his drinking habits prevent him getting on with his refrained waife. And a good deal about Petty Officer Mike Corrigan (Niall MacGinnis) who can't make up his mind to get spliced to the sister of Chief Petty Officer Dabbs (Reginald Purdell). I say with regret, but also with firmness, that the first half-hour of this picture was like listening to a concatenation of club bores.

AND then the film began to get a move on. And in my view, too much of a move. The Admiralty gets word that the new Nazi battleship "Brandenburg" is about to leave Bremen Harbour for the Kiel Canal en route for her trials in the Baltic. Now I fancy—and please note that I do not pretend to know, I only fancy—that if I were the Admiralty I should have some notion as to when a Nazi battleship was nearing completion, so that I shouldn't be taken by surprise round about noon on some fine Tuesday morning and be forced to scour the pubs of Bradford, Glasgow and Wapping to reassemble the one submarine crew capable of dealing with the aforesaid battleship. This seems to me to be

less a British way of running naval matters than a Gaumont-British! Anyhow, the crew is got together and their Captain, Lieut. Taylor, R.N. (John Mills), gets his orders which are as simple as kiss-my-hand. All he has to do is to intercept the battleship and sink her.

THE first thing "Sea Tiger" does is to rescue three German airmen, from whom Hobson, who has picked up German together with his drinking habits, learns that the "Brandenburg" is already in the Kiel Canal. He reports this to the Captain who decides to follow the Nazi battleship into the Baltic and do the job there. He actually does this, but doesn't know he has done it! He then kids the accompanying destroyers into believing that his submarine is lost. And running out of petrol—and, it seems to me, oxygen—decides to make for a Danish island where they may find a sympathetic tanker and some fresh air. Isn't the island under the control of the Nazis? Yes. But that doesn't matter, for all picture-goers know that Nazis can always be hoodwinked or liquidated, first one and then t'other, just as in this film we have already seen them kidded. And who is the man to lead this expedition? Obviously Hobson's the choice. He dons the uniform of one of the Nazi airmen, lands while the sentry is looking to his left, gets behind him and throttles him while he's looking to his right, and with a display of brilliant German persuades the corporal in charge that he is a German officer who has just escaped from a German plane complete with dinghy. The corporal clicks his heels and is rewarded with what Damon Runyon calls a bop on the sneezer. Which puts him out of business.

NOW, for some time we have been asking ourselves whether the Germans can be such idiots as to occupy even the smallest island with a garrison of two? It appears that they are not. But Hobson knows by instinct where

they keep the machine guns, and at once starts bowling over the garrison as if they were so many ninepins. Things going thus well, the crew of the submarine joins in, and finds the tanker, and asks the Danish commander whether he will give the Royal Navy some petrol. "Help yourself," says the good man. "Denmark is always a friend to England." And we realise that the Nazi Army of Occupation is much too busy fighting Seaman Hobson to prevent the Danish commander giving away the Nazi-controlled petrol by the hundred-gallon! Finally all the Germans are killed, and "Sea Tiger" roars its way back to its native Zoo. The one surprising thing to me was that the submarine didn't take the Danish island in tow and take that to England as well.

MORE seriously, why are the pictures so frantically keen about accuracy in things that don't matter, while being frantically inaccurate in things that do? I have no doubt that every gadget in the submarine is in its proper place and that John Mills has spent weeks acquiring the periscopic knack. But the whole film depends upon Hobson's ability to persuade the Nazi corporal on the island that he is a German officer. Well, he just wouldn't be able to do it. Hobson talks broad Yorkshire punctuated with "Eh, lads," and so forth. Now doesn't Anthony Asquith, who directs the film, realise that no man who cannot talk like a gentleman in his own tongue is capable of talking like one in another? And if you quibble that a Nazi gentleman is a contradiction in terms, then substitute "Officer class." The truth, of course, is that Hobson would have never set foot on the island. And if he had, his first word in German would have given him away.

AND then I don't think the film is too well played. Here I am afraid that I must fault my old friend and excellent actor, Eric Portman. He was, I understand, born in Bradford; and having made enormous efforts to live that fact down, must now make immense effort to live that fact, so to speak, up. But Eric and Sir Max Beerbohm are the two exceptions to the rule that Yorkshiremen are insusceptible of polish. Eric's present difficulty is rather to un-polish; and this he simply cannot do. When he enters a saloon bar it is not in the manner of the Tyke thirsting for a pint; it is with the air of the habitué of smart grill rooms imperiously demanding instant and obsequious attention. The rest are all very well. But all very well in war films won't do.

WHAT will do is *Cabin In The Sky* (Empire). The trailer to this film suggested a combination of sex and swing so tedious, that I very nearly didn't attend the Press show. But for once I am grateful to my extraordinary sense of duty. For had I not gone, I should have missed one of the most charming, naive, gentle, witty, tender and riotously funny examples of negro fantasy that have ever been staged. Before this number of THE TATLER appears I shall have renewed acquaintance with Petunia (Ethel Waters), Little Joe (Eddie "Rochester" Anderson), Georgia (Lena Horne), and at least one wonderful dancer. Waters and Rochester are superb; it is as though the author of this picture had taken *Juno and The Paycock* and turned it into a coloured film.



"Cabin In The Sky": Delightful Negro Fantasy (Empire)

Left: Little Joe (Eddie "Rochester" Anderson) thinks of all the finery he can buy for his wife, Petunia, with his sweepstake winnings. The Lawd's General (Kenneth Spencer) approves, while Lucifer, Jr. (Rex Ingram), and his "favourite daughter" (Lena Horne) are disturbed by the failure of the plan to lure Little Joe with money to the Hotel Hades. Right: Bubble and Petunia (Ethel Waters) dance to Duke Ellington's band in the cabaret scene

Rhythm and Rumbas

Cole Porter Supplies the Score for "Something to Shout About," Another Hollywood Back-Stage Musical on the Grand Scale

(Tivoli and New Gallery)



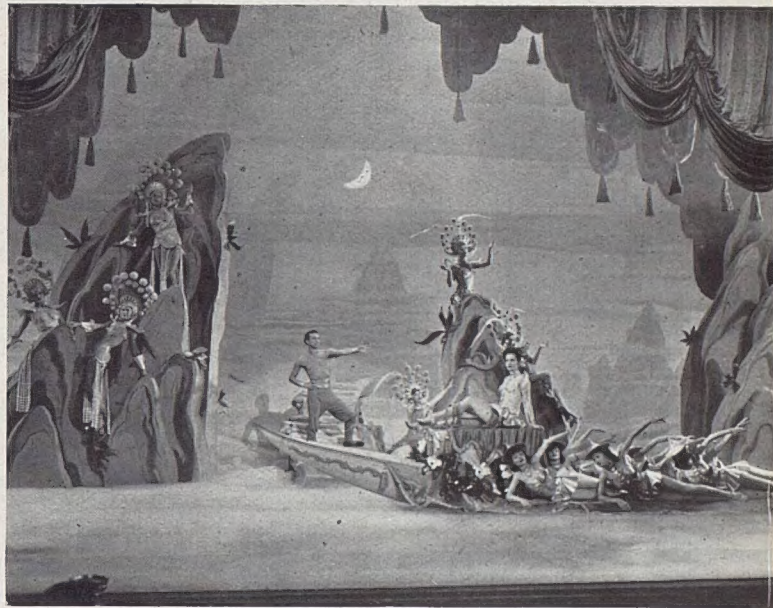
Janet Blair (the blonde of "My Sister Eileen") steps out in *Hasta Luego*, a rumba number on the usual grand scale. The vaudeville show includes Hazel Scott's piano pyrotechnics and a troupe of performing dogs called The Bricklayers



High words in the dressing-room. After the dress rehearsal the leading lady, who can't sing or act (Cobina Wright, Jr.), tells Janet Blair where she gets off. Result—the show flops, Janet goes home and the boarding-house boys put on a vaudeville show which is a triumph. Janet appears unexpectedly to sing "I always knew" with Don Ameche



Swing in a theatrical boarding-house. Hazel Scott, coloured pianist; Janet Blair, star in the making; Jack Oakie, proprietor; Don Ameche, inmate and Press agent. "You'd be nice to come home to" is the theme song



Ballet de Luxe. Lichine in the boat, Lily Norwood, his dancing partner, up aloft, Janet Blair below. Lichine did the choreography. Lily is a Texan beauty; was in Paris with the Monte Carlo ballet when war started



Grand Finale to the vaudeville show. Jack Oakie, Vera Ann Borg, William Gaxton, Janet Blair, Don Ameche. The absent showman rushes furiously on to the stage from a nursing home. Audience thinks he's part of the fun—everybody happy

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Vintage Wine (Comedy)

OUR stage has long excelled in good comedians, and our drama in good parts for them to play. Even the great days of tragedy deferred to them. The Elizabethans, like ourselves, enjoyed a good laugh; and it is not without significance that Falstaff, that prime comedian, should have dominated three of Shakespeare's plays. Those two good judges, Hazlitt and Lamb, make us envious of their luck in the comedians of their day; though we ourselves have not done so badly in this matter of laughter. The great days of the music hall are illustrious. Had they not Marie Lloyd and a score of comedy's illegitimate highnesses whose names are already legendary? Nor has the legitimate stage been grudging. Which brings us to Sir Seymour Hicks, or rather to our regret at his absence from the present revival of *Vintage Wine* at the Comedy Theatre.

This improbable farce, you may remember, is doubly associated with him. He is not only its part author (with Ashley Dukes), but was its life and soul. Without him, the performance took on something of the air of *Hamlet* without the Prince. We missed him, and so did the play.

The hero of these amorous adventures is a sexagenarian vintner who defies both age and his censorious progeny. His sons, who resent his diverting the dividends derived from Bacchus to what they consider scandalous devotions to Venus, take drastic steps to restrain him. They engage a keeper for him and invoke the aid of that gorgonian tyrant, his mother. He outwits them by escaping at night on a bicycle, and a "penny-farthing" one at that.

This is a character and a part that one does not readily associate with any other actor than Sir Seymour who conceived and fulfilled it.

Written by and for himself, it needs his inimitable touch; for neither the play nor the part which dominates it is contrived with that actor-proof finality which would make them a walk-over for promiscuous players. The part is idiosyncratic, and demands his technical skill and impudent charm. Read in cold blood, indeed, the script might possibly resemble those supplied to actors of the old Commedia della Arte, which were the mere bones of the business to be clothed by the actors with flesh; a series of cadenzas linked by a conventional plot, the action indicated, rather than fully scored.

Were this so, it would explain and condone the trepidation with which an understudy, say, might undertake the part, and such anxiety as might be felt by the rest of the company when faced by a collaboration so fraught with hazards.

If Sir Seymour's own handling of the part seemed at times over impulsive, his attack was always sharp, his style superb. He could afford to force or finesse dialogue and business of which he was the creator. Those impulsive asides, which seemed newly coined, were the overflow of creative energy that defied the frost of rehearsal; l'esprit d'escalier, so to speak, that transcended the staircase. With him, gagging would have been less a sin than a peccadillo. He compelled laughter. Taking the scene with blithe assurance, he made one instantly aware of his command. He has an eye more eloquent than speech, and his attack has a fox-terror alertness. I recall these characteristics, not to slight Mr. Geoffrey Saville, who so gamely follows Sir Seymour, but rather to sympathise with him in catching the reflection, if not all the lustre, of the star.

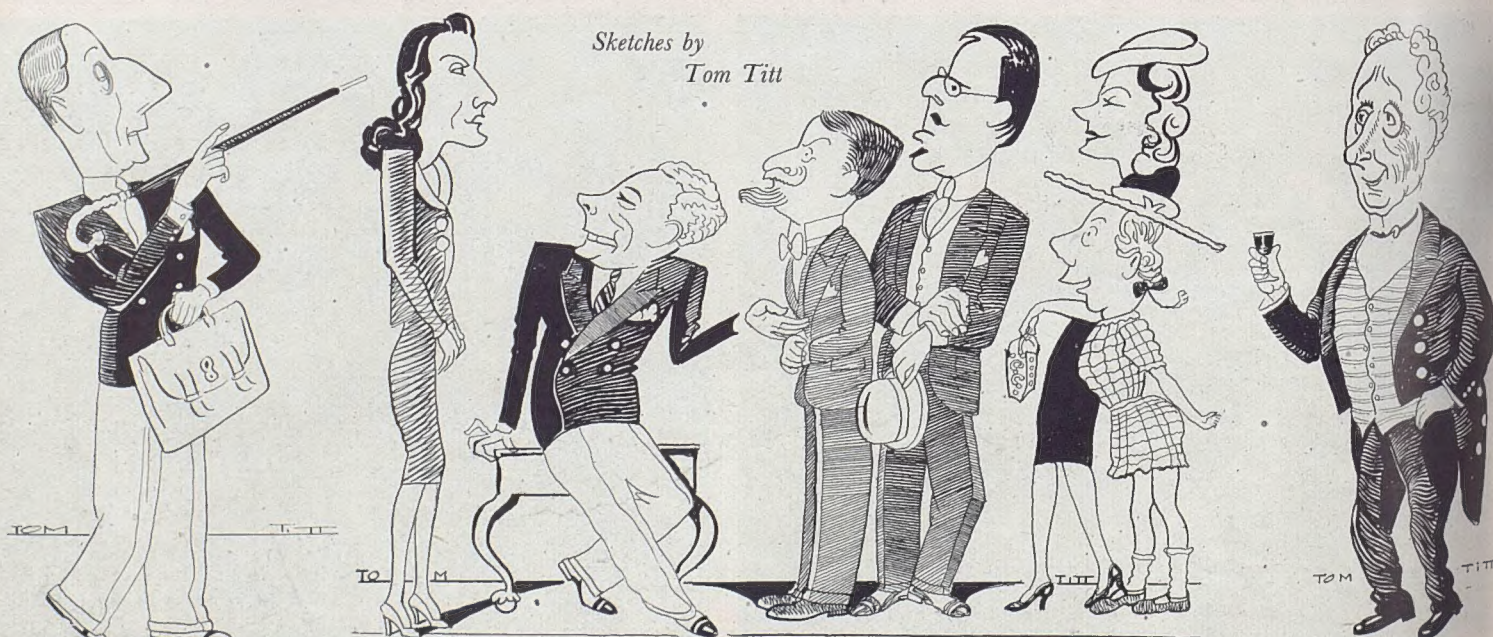
The play's situations, like the characters, are improbable, and owe as little to bleak realism



Eighty and Eighteen: Gertrudes and Zita. Monteiro are played by Margaret Halstan and Barbara Shotter

as to novelty. The situations are mere excuses for the permutations of the fun; the broadly sketched characters take their outlines from stock. Larger and more lawless than life, they are incorrigibly farcical. And they call for complementary response from the players.

The exigencies of war add to the difficulties of casting such a play, and impose an extra handicap which this revival does not overcome. Miss Margaret Halstan invests the octogenarian matriarch with the imperative thunders and physical majesty of farce's grande dame; and Miss Beryl Mason plays the young heroine with spirited skill. The old family factotum, to whom the sexagenarian hero is still Master Charlie, is silver-pointed by Mr. John Deverell, and Mr. Kenneth Kove, as an English nit-wit, drifts in and out of this pseudo-Portuguese imbroglio with his usual blanched virtuosity. For the rest, the players do what they can with what seemed to be variously intractable parts.



Kenneth Kove Portrays the Hon. Richard Emsley

Nina Monteiro (Beryl Mason) is introduced by Charles Monteiro (Geoffrey Saville) to her step-children and step-grandchild (Alwyn D. Fox, Gerald Fitzgerald, Pearl Dadswell and Beryl Burton)

Trusty, and Crusty: John Deverell as Francisco the old factotum

Austerity Ascot



Miss D. Paget's Orison beat Mr. A. E. Saunders' Vidi in the 3.15 race



Some 3,000 bicycles patiently awaited their owners in a park by the Grand Stand

The one-day May meeting on May 15th, the first to be held at Ascot since the war, was attended by a very large crowd of people, many of whom arrived on bicycles. The King and Queen were there to see His Majesty's colt, Tipstaff, run. For the first time in history the Royal Enclosure was open to the public, and many members of British and Allied Forces were among the crowd



Right: Wounded soldiers were amongst those who placed their bets with the bookies



All cars on the road to Ascot were checked by the police and a number were turned back



A.T.S. Military Police were busy checking up on members of the Force at the races

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Ascot Without Frills

AUSTERITY Ascot! What a contrast to the Ascot we have always known! No grey toppers, no elaborate creations, no glittering limousines crawling slowly—how slowly—along the High Street. The Royal Enclosure thrown open as a public enclosure! In fact, there were no "Members" at all. There was a turnstile as you went in; you paid your money and then had the run of everywhere inside. No badge or ticket—a great paper economy.

The crowd was tremendous; people came in swarms—on foot, on bicycles, in trains and in traps; there were very few cars or taxis. The authorities had provided an excellent free bicycle park; very considerate, and *much* more necessary than a car park.

Many people decided to go by train, and there was an enormous queue at Waterloo before 10 a.m., although the first race was not until 2 p.m. By soon after midday the authorities at Waterloo suspended the sale of tickets to Ascot, as the trains could carry no more than were already standing in the queue. There were no extra trains, so many people who intended going never even got farther than the station.

The Royal Visitors

THE King and Queen arrived unheralded, and quite unexpected by the vast majority of racegoers, just before the second race, and were received by Major the Earl of Sefton, as Senior Steward of the meeting—a tall, commanding figure in khaki. With them were Lady Hyde, tall and distinguished in a brown coat and hat relieved with red, and Col. Dermot McMorrough Kavanagh, who combines the duties of an ordinary Equerry with those of Crown Equerry, which means that he is responsible for the organisation of the Royal Mews, a task which in these days involves quite a lot of form-filling for petrol and other details.

The King was in the khaki uniform of a Field-Marshal and was looking bronzed and well; the Queen radiant in a coat and frock of pale lilac mauve, with hat to match, and two lovely platinum foxes on her shoulders.

The Royal Box

THEIR Majesties came out into the paddock before the third race to see the King's horse Tipstaff saddled; his Majesty was walking between the Earl of Sefton and Mr. Fred Darling, who trains all horses who are leased by the King from the National Stud. When Gordon Richards, the champion jockey, who was riding Tipstaff for the King, came into the paddock, the King shook hands with him and had a few words before he mounted. Unfortunately, the horse ran very disappointingly, and there never looked like being a royal win, which we were all hoping for.

Amongst those with their Majesties in the Royal Box during the afternoon were the



Harlip

A Recent Engagement

Miss Dean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dean, of Nuteham, near Cirencester, is to marry Lt. Richard David Harvey Blunt, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, son of the late Sir John and Lady Blunt, of Tunbridge Wells



Lenare

A Princess to Marry

Princess Tatiana Wiasemsky, daughter of Prince and Princess Wiasemsky, has announced her engagement to Lt. Craig Wheaton-Smith, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Wheaton-Smith, of The Manor, Pilford, Somerset

Duke and Duchess of Norfolk—the Duke in tweeds and a bowler hat, the Duchess in a navy-blue suit and hat piped with scarlet—and the Earl and Countess of Sefton. Others were Sir Ulick Alexander, who, as Keeper of the Privy Purse, takes an interest in the financial side of the King's racing activities; Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke, and Lt.-Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Royal Household.

Uniforms were plentiful, and a good many officers and men of the U.S. Army were there.

Present and Correct

MUFTI was much in evidence, especially amongst the women, many of them taking an afternoon off from war work. Lady Bridget Elliot, for instance, who was looking really lovely in an emerald-green coat and hat with green veiling, had been working hard all the week in a factory—a job she has been doing for some time. Lady Irene Haig, who works equally hard as a full-time V.A.D., was looking cool and pretty in a printed frock. Lady

Beatty was wearing a scarlet tailored long coat and navy-blue hat with veiling; she has lately returned from North Africa, where she has been working with the American Red Cross, after going out with them at the beginning of the campaign. The Countess of Sefton, in navy-blue, with a spotted veil on her hat, is also working in a factory.

As a topic of conversation, women's clothes are out of favour these days, but Ascot, even an austerity one, is still Ascot, so perhaps your correspondent may be allowed a special licence for the occasion.

Mrs. Diana Smyly, who works at the Prisoners of War depot, and Miss Monica Sheriffe, who has been in the M.T.C. for a long time, were also in mufti, and many more besides. Mrs. Walker, the young widow of Major Gerald Walker, 14/20th Hussars, who died of wounds in Egypt in 1941, was looking very pretty in a light-coloured suit. She was Peggy Chandos-Pole and used to live at Bembridge before her marriage. Another young widow there was Mrs. Byass, looking very nice in grey; her husband was killed in action while commanding his regiment, the 7th Hussars, in Libya.

In the Enclosure

LT.-COL. THE HON. HARRY TUFTON, who was one of the Ascot Stewards, was there, taking a few hours' leave from his job as Deputy Director of Public Relations, Home Forces, and I also noticed Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall—who had come over from Englemere—on the enclosure lawns. Lady Weigall had her wheel-chair at the bottom of the steps to the Royal Box, and there she received her friends, including Lady Cunliffe Owen, who also lives near by.

Lady Stavordale, in a grey suit with scarlet blouse, hatband and bag, had come down by train; her husband is serving with the Household Cavalry. Others in grey were the Hon. Mrs. Geoff Harbord, in a neat grey suit, with touches of scarlet in her grey turban, and Mrs. Peter Herbert, very slim and soignée, in a nice grey-flannel suit. Lady Fiona Fuller, whose grey suit buttoned right up to the neck, was having a drink with the Earl of Normanton. Lovely Mrs. Fulke Walwyn was looking at the horses in the paddock with Col. Lord Lovat, a striking figure in his green Commando beret. The Countess of Fitzwilliam, who had several friends staying for the meeting, had on one of her favourite very short jackets over a pleated skirt, also in grey.



The Minister of Food Inspects

Lady Burghley showed Lord Woolton some food parcels for despatch to prisoners of war, when he visited the Red Cross and St. John headquarters' packing centre in London not long ago



F. B. Barker

Guards' Chapel Christening

The christening of Alexandra Carrington, daughter of Capt. Lord Carrington and Lady Carrington, took place on May 15th at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Lord Carrington married Miss Iona McClean last year



The Pony Comes Into His Own

Mrs. MacPherson and her small son, Ewen Cameron, use a pony (Joey) and trap nowadays for their shopping and visits. Mrs. MacPherson was formerly Betty Cameron Small, and is the wife of Lt.-Col. G. P. S. MacPherson, the Rugby international, now serving in the Middle East, a son of Sir Stewart and Lady MacPherson, of Newtonmore, Inverness

Prevailing Colours

In fact, grey or navy-blue, with a very few exceptions, were the colours of the day. Mrs. Carlos Clarke, who is always so beautifully turned out, was looking very nice in navy-blue. Lady Grenfell wore a striking hat; the halo brim was halved in navy-blue and white. Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper was another wearing navy, as were Lady Orr-Lewis, Miss Dorothy Paget and Lady Jean Christie, who was with her sister, Lady Viola Dundas, and her cousin, Capt. the Hon. Christopher Beckett.

Lady Ursula Vernon was sitting on a seat in the enclosure with Mr. Jack Anthony, famous trainer and a Grand National hero. The Hon. Mrs. James Beck had on one of her favourite bonnet hats tied with yellow strings under the chin, and a small black eye-veil; she was watching the racing with Lady Dorothea Head, who was hatless. The Hon. Mrs. Gwyn Morgan-Jones and the Hon. Mrs. Dermot Daly

were in the paddock together; Baroness Beaumont was also there. Sir Eric Miéville, who is assistant private secretary to the King, was chatting to Mrs. Idina Mills.

Others enjoying the racing were Col. and Mrs. Jack Speed, Major and Mrs. Dick Harrap, tall Mrs. Vernon Tate, Major and Mrs. Rupert Byass, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Lawrence, Mrs. Fleming, Miss Mala Brand, Miss Anthea Gordon, Mrs. Michael Beary, Major and Mrs. Ian Tubbs, Major Venn, whose first day's racing it was for four years; Lord and Lady Manton, the latter in a light blue suit with navy-blue blouse, hat and etceteras; Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Norman Philipps, Miss Irene Mann Thompson, Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, who were on leave; Lord Ashley, Lord Portarlington, Sir Archibald Weigall, Lord Andrew Cavendish, Major Peter Herbert, Capt. Jack Dennis, who had two runners; the Hon. Robert Watson, Major Carlos Clarke and his son, Capt. Sandy Clarke,

Col. Andrew Ferguson, home from the Middle East; and Sir Humphrey de Trafford (but none of his family, as they were all at Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill's wedding); the Hon. Ronald Strutt, Sir Francis Towle, Capt. Julian Ward and Major Eric Johnson, down from the north on leave.

London Wedding

St. Margaret's, Westminster, was almost its pre-war self for the wedding of Lady Sarah Churchill to Lt. Edwin Russell, of the United States Navy, with awning outside and the organ functioning for the first time since it was damaged in the blitz, which also was responsible for the gap among the pews. The Duke of Marlborough, in khaki, gave away his eldest daughter, who looked very happy and wore a charming dress of soft white satin, with a tulle veil long enough to form a train, and wearing the two aquamarine clips given by her

(Concluded on page 248)



Swaebe

Dining Out

Dining at the May Fair one night recently were Mrs. David Forbes and Col. D. G. Cunningham, Canadian Army. Mrs. Forbes is a daughter of the late Hon. Alec Henderson and Lady Wilson. Her sister, Susan Pilkington, married F/O. Charles Pretzlik, R.A.F.V.R., a short time ago



Planning a Matinee for Charity

Mr. Esme Percy, Lady Jersey, Col. Harold Mitchell, M.P. (chairman of the Committee of Polish Welfare), and Lady Orr-Lewis met to arrange a matinee to be given on June 6th in aid of the Actors' and Variety Artists' Benevolent Funds. Diana Napier (Mrs. Richard Tauber) is arranging the matinee, in which well-known British and Polish artists will take part



This Way In

The entrance to Bristol's rejuvenated Theatre Royal, mercifully spared by the blitz and rescued from the demolitionists by C.E.M.A. The oldest theatre in the country (1766), it was the first of its kind, with the seats ranging back in a full semi-circle, row above row



Green and Gold Interior

Lord and Lady Keynes in the stage box. In its original eighteenth-century form the apron stage projected well into the stalls so that the boxes faced sideways

Right:

"Here, then, it stands: unique and unpretentious; Lawfully licensed, and yet not licentious; Coy but inviting; chaste but full of feeling; Unscathed from floor to star-encrusted ceiling."

From Herbert Farjeon's Prologue



The Finely-Carved Auditorium Ceiling

● May 11th was a big day for Bristol. Down by the docks, heavily pounded by Hun bombs, past debris and desolation, something stirred among the ancient warehouses and streets. Old ghosts were on the move, all bound for the same happy hunting-ground, rich in memories of more than a century and a half ago. The old Theatre Royal, founded in 1766, purchased and held in trust for the Citizens of Bristol in 1942, was to be reopened, with due civic dignity, under the management of C.E.M.A. (the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts) in association with the Trustees of the theatre. "Here," says Laurence Housman, "Mrs. Siddons acted for three years for three pounds a week. Here were heard those great voices of the stage which died before our day—the Kembles, the Keans, Munden and Macready. And here, others whom many of us remember—Irving, the Bancrofts, Mrs. Kendall, Nellie Farren, Ellen and Kate Terry—all these helped to give this old theatre its life. Only one great name is missing—David Garrick."

Many celebrities attended the opening—Lord Keynes, Chairman of C.E.M.A., professor and economist; three Members of Parliament—Sir Stanley Marchant and Mrs. Cazalet Keir, both of C.E.M.A., and Miss Irene Ward—and the leading lights of the Drama. The play chosen was Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, with an Occasional Prologue by Herbert Farjeon, spoken by Dame Sybil Thorndike in the character of Mrs. Hardcastle.

C.E.M.A., formed three years ago, administers a Treasury grant to popularise the arts of music, drama and painting in wartime. The Drama panel consists of Ivor Brown, Ashley Dukes, Herbert Farjeon, J. B. Priestley, Athene Seyler, and Emlyn Williams, with Lewis Casson as Drama Director and Charles Landstone as his assistant. Seventeen companies have toured the smaller towns, villages, factories and air-raid shelters, and scattered the seeds of State-aided culture to good purpose. The "Old Vic" organisation, our nearest approach to a National Theatre, has put its Repertory Companies at the disposal of the Council. As a result, a widespread movement towards good plays and good music has seen the light. After the war this uplift will help to temper the spirit of the new democracy



The Art Exhibition in the Foyer and Lounge

Left to right: Mr. Philip James, Art Director of C.E.M.A., Mr. Norman Higgins, General Manager of the Cambridge Arts Theatre Trust, and Mr. T. C. P. Hickson, Resident Manager of the Theatre Royal, looking at a collection of Benois costume sketches for the Russian ballet



"She Stoops to Conquer"

Above: Dame Sybil Thorndike (Mrs. Hardcastle) and Mr. Stanford Holme (Tony Lumpkin) in conversation behind the scenes. Dame Sybil made all the points in Herbert Farjeon's witty and stylish Prologue

Right:

A scene from "She Stoops to Conquer," Kate Hardcastle, in the guise of a serving-maid (Thea Holme), flirts with Young Marlow, or prospective fiancé (Ivan Brandt)



Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Celebrities at the Lord Mayor's Reception

A group at the Red Lodge, the home of the Bristol Savage Club. Left to right: Mr. H. M. C. Hosegood, High Sheriff of Bristol; Lord Keynes, Chairman of C.E.M.A.; Alderman M. A. Wall, the Lord Mayor of Bristol; Lord Esher and Mr. Wilfred Leighton, chairman of the Theatre Royal Trustees. Behind, between Lord Keynes and the Lord Mayor, is General Sir Hugh Elles, the Regional Commissioner for the West of England



Beer for Sir Barry

Sir Barry Jackson, at the Llandoger Trow, Bristol's oldest pub., connected to the theatre by an underground smugglers' passage



In the Foyer

Mr. Laurence Housman on the opening night. His story of the old theatre's history accompanied the programme



Anxious Anticipation

Tyrone Guthrie, General Director of the Vic-Wells organisation, looks thoughtful while making the final arrangements for the first-night performance

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

KEEN and even crazy as the Military Correspondent boys are on quoting parallels from military history, they all missed the obvious precedent for that swift, brilliant night-switch of part of the Eighth Army to the First's front, which began the Tunisian débacle.

It happened the night of October 15, 1793, before Maubeuge, when the great Carnot kicked up the ragged, starving, half-dead, half-mutinous levies of the Republic from the wet grass on his left wing, where they lay exhausted, drove them to the right of his position by an agonising forced-march through the thick black night, and flung them through the noon fog in an uphill charge against the Austrians at Wattignies, mad with fatigue, "drunk with pain and glory," as Mr. Belloc has finely said. That smashing surprise saved the Republic, and for vulgarly presuming thus to butt in on the preserves of our betters, the Military Correspondents of Fleet Street, we shall probably be called on one morning shortly by a dry, precise gentleman with a lean, leathery face, tanned by long campaigning and also by Bronzo Sunray, Ltd., and a rasping voice, threatened with a horse-whip, and described with venom as a cad and an outsider.

Which reminds us of the cad who, after being horse-whipped within an inch, or maybe $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, of his life, by a sahib, sold him a vacuum-cleaner, crying "Trade follows the Flog!"

Idea

FOR the first time since the earliest sailor in the dawn of the world pushed his frail coracle into unknown seas, arousing the shuddering admiration of that City slicker Horace centuries later, it will soon be possible for shipwrecked mariners to distil and drink sea-water with ease. The inventor at the Min. of War Transport certainly deserves a statue.

Had it come a few centuries earlier this apparatus would not only have saved millions of lives but robbed the booksy boys of many a purple passage. The whole point of the Ancient Mariner's gabble, in our regrettable view, is that he is deliberately driving the Wedding Guest (who badly needs a snifter himself) nuts by describing his horrible thirst in detail. Meanwhile the Wedding Guest, powerless to move, can see the buffet being raided and the real stuff vanishing ("Sorry, sir, nothing left but lemonade or coffee, sir"). The sequel, as we see it, is that having at last flung the briny old tease off, he rushes indoors mad with rage and thirst, grabs his silver-plated toast-rack from the pile of presents, snarls at the bride, and gallops off to gatecrash another wedding round the corner. Probably it was the height of the season and there was a red carpet



"Miss Frail will now tell you about her experiments with some delicious new potato dishes"

down at every other door. Flourishing his toast-rack time after time, the Wedding Guest managed after all to get a skinkful, if he was anything like one or two determined chaps we knew in the 1920's. Ask Dusty to show you his wound-stripes some time.

Purge

RENEWED vague chitterings about "reforming" the German national character after the war make us laugh like a herd of cows. The aunties who think that in one generation, or two, anyone can eradicate the influence of a dozen or so centuries of bullying and submission from cradle to grave are worthy ornaments of Cloud-Cuckoo Land, unless we err.

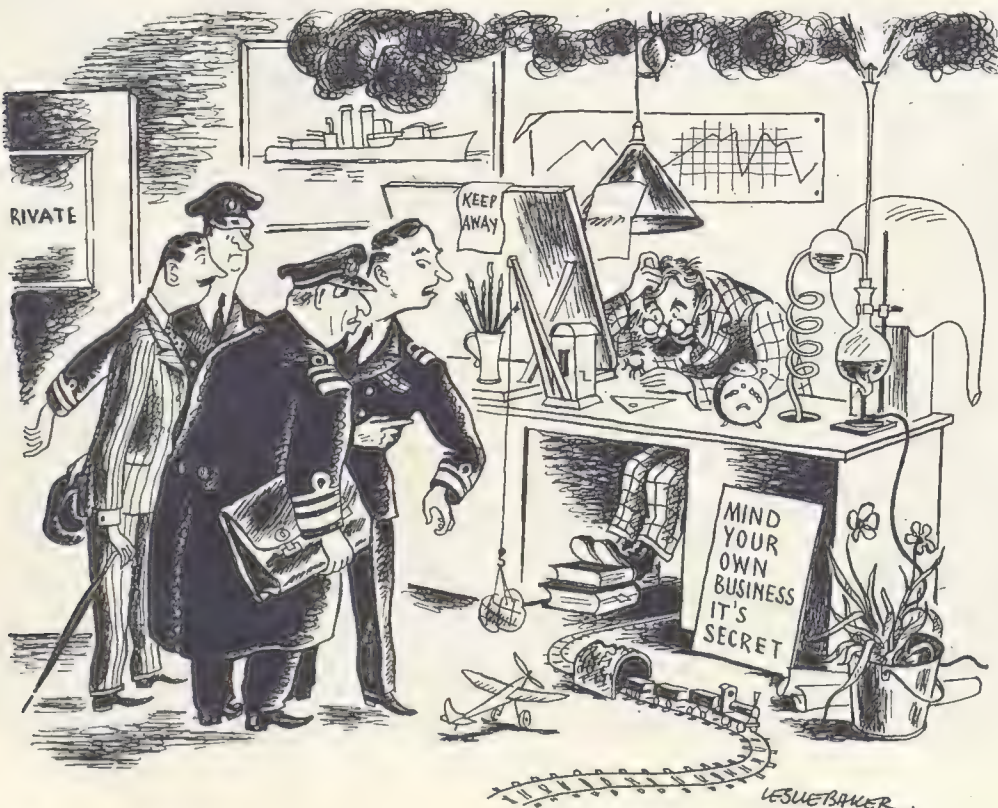
Something might be done in the nursery, nevertheless, about those German fairytales, which are so full of chopping and stabbing and gouging and roasting, cannibalism and witchcraft and sadism (cf. *Hansel and Gretel*), and all the cruel kobolds and gnomes and warlocks of the German forests. If the infant Boche were given a basinful of Hans Andersen and Madame d'Aulnoy instead it might benefit him considerably. It is impossible to resist the gentle charm of Hans Andersen (it often conceals some pretty satire), and we were delighted a little time ago to find a brisk old lady in Denmark who knew Andersen describing him as bone-idle, egotistic, erratic, jealous, quarrelsome, tearful, and generally impossible.

Like Racine and Dickens and La Fontaine and Byron and most of the world's ace charmers, Mr. Andersen was apparently hell to live with. It's a kind of natural law, the only exception being Slogger Carlyle, just a big boy at heart, as Dorothy Parker observed pensively:

Carlyle combined the Lit'ry Life
With throwing teacups at his wife,
Remarking, rather testily,
"Oh, stop your dodging, Mrs. C!"

That's what tries a sunny playful nature—girls who duck.

(Concluded on page 238)



"Well, we none of us like to ask him what he does do"



Lt. and Lady Sarah Russell are seen here after the wedding ceremony. Lt. Russell is at present at U.S. Naval Headquarters in London, and his bride works in a factory

Wedding at St. Margaret's

Lt. E. F. Russell and Lady Sarah
Spencer-Churchill

The Duke of Marlborough gave away his daughter, Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, at her marriage to Lt. Edwin F. Russell, United States Navy, which took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on May 15th. Lady Sarah is the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's eldest daughter, and the bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lucius T. Russell, of Beverly Hills, California. Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill (the bride's sister) and Miss Catherine de Trafford (her cousin) were bridesmaids. Pages were little Winston Churchill (grandson of the Prime Minister) and the bride's younger brother, Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill



Capt. Peter Profumo escorted his sisters, Misses Anne and Elizabeth Profumo. Their brother, Major John Profumo, is M.P. for Kettering



Lady Stanley, Lord Derby's daughter-in-law, was there with her sons, the Hon. Richard and the Hon. Hugh Stanley, and Mr. Ian Gilmour



The Duchess of Marlborough led her small son, Charles, by the hand, while Admiral Stark kept an eye on little Winston Churchill. Behind are the bridesmaids and Mrs. Winston Churchill and the Duke of Marlborough

Above are the Marquess of Blandford, brother of the bride, Miss Catherine de Trafford and Mr. Parker Bowles

Capt. Peter Thursby, who, like his elder brother, is in the Irish Guards, was there with Mrs. Robin Wilson

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Songbird

THE characteristic fullthroated note of the goldsmith (*aurifaber major*) has been heard in London again, at that recent concert of the Goldsmiths' Choral Union, and a reader wants to know what goldsmiths have to sing about at the moment, for Heaven's sake.

Our information is that they're dreaming of the inevitable Super-Presentation-Casket Season after the war, and that visions of a myriad angels bearing whacking great rococo confections of 18-carat gold and vexing design provoke them to trills and roulades and floriture of the most exquisite description. The racket is a good one, apparently. A chap in the City once told us that some of the big boys bung their gold caskets back with a light shudder immediately the shouting is over and get a tasty silver cakedish or cigarette-box instead (compare the rakeoff West End leading ladies get by bunging their first-night bouquets back to the florist next day). But he may have been a liar.

The silversmith (*argentarifaber communis*) has a thinner, more piping note and sings less confidently, having nothing much to look forward to in a big way but golf trophies and those inscribed silver teapots the Race gives to antediluvian cricketers when detected asleep at the wicket and forced to retire.

Legend

POOR little Lucrezia Borgia, the only blonde we ever feel sorry for, has been slandered again by one of the cartoonist boys in connection with a jape about Mussolini buying a sedative at the chemist's. The Borgia Legend will never die, we guess, no matter how many scientific modern historians sweat to print the truth about them (even the Bogey Alexander has been recently cleared to a large extent, on irrefutable evidence).

Frail, tender, delicate, suffering Lucrezia certainly never poisoned anybody, as Funck-Brentano has established beyond doubt. The Legend comes from contemporary anti-Borgia pamphleteers, the Yellow Press boys of the period, whose stories so many lazy historians have been content to repeat. If we were the present head of the Borgia family we'd circularise the world's Press, begging the boys politely not to be so dumb and maybe pointing out a few families in Debrett whose early goings-on are much funnier, apart from those who began with a fore-closing solicitor.

Tipple

PUBLISHERS' blood, which, as some low scribbler recently mentioned, is drunk by the big fighting girls of the booksy underworld in order that they may acquire the ruthlessness and

nobility of publishers, figures in the latest Black Market racket, our spies report.

In the usual way those best-selling women novelists who are trained vampires conceal themselves under publishers' beds and bite their toes savagely as they dream. The Black Market's operators scorn this trouble and merely call on publishers and suddenly bite them in the neck or ear, charging the consumer 450 per cent. on the market price per fluid ounce. We have no axe to grind in showing up this racket, having resigned from the P.E.N. Club some years ago as a protest against the cannibalism at a big booksy jamboree on the Gold Coast in 1923, when a mob of dishevelled women ate J. B. Priestley, Galsworthy, Blasco Ibañez, and a tiny Eskimo delegate who gave his name as Percy Bysshe Shelley. The well-known cry "Literature knows no frontiers" didn't seem to us to cover such goings-on, and a cultured delegate who pointed out that the same thing happened to the god Apollo when the women got him in Thrace seemed to have a curious standard of manly beauty.

Footnote

LATEST top quotations in the regular market per fluid ounce, our spies add, are Faber 7/6, Heinemann 6/9, Cassell 6/5, Eyre & Spottiswoode 6/-, Hutchinson 5/3, in the pure or vintage class; with splash, 9d. extra. The cheaper lines are often adulterated or watered, and lack "kick."

Trauma

PROPOS such matters, we learn that histrioclaustrophobia, the fear of being trapped in an enclosed space with a lot of wild actors, is not among the diseases for which the Medical Research Council boys will soon be testing the populace by "taking a drop or two from the ear-lobe."

It is estimated that only about 3.5 per cent. of the theatregoing public now suffer from histrioclaustrophobia. Harley Street



"It's on your neck, Bert, don't move"

classes sufferers with what the eminent Charcot called the *grands hystériques*, but this is ridiculous. They are normal in every way except that halfway through the tense situation in Act I, where Rollo St. Cyr declares his love, they begin suddenly choking and/or bleeding at the nose and begin to panic. From a specialist's case-book we extract the following questionnaire for such cases:

1. Is your feeling of panic confined to the theatre, or to any enclosed space containing actors?
2. Does the presence of winsome little actresses increase or diminish your feeling of terror and doom?
3. Do you simultaneously have a feeling that your back is covered with egrets' feathers, eidelweiss, or bicycle-bells?
4. Was your maternal grandmother ever locked in a box, or chest, by accident, with Sir Henry Irving?

If the answer to the key-question, No. 4, is "Yes," the psychiatrist will tell you at once what the trouble is; as he will, for that matter, if the answer is "No." As for the cure, no true histrioclaustrophobic has ever been cured. It may seem all right at one moment, and next moment there you are, bounding for the emergency exit like a galvanised chamois, eyes wildly dilated, teeth bared, handkerchief to nose, and in your heart a miserable feeling that the management doesn't like it.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I'm sorry, Mr. Pringle, but the Board can see no future for dehydrated ice"

Mothers and Children



Mrs. Alan Graham, a daughter of Mr. M. C. Du Plessis, of Cape Town, married Capt. Alan Crosland Graham, M.P., in 1939. They have one daughter, Jeanne Louie Irena, seen here with her mother. Capt. Graham, a son of Sir Crosland Graham, has represented the Wirral Division of Cheshire in the House of Commons since 1935. His wife is doing very good work at the present time for the Polish Children's Rescue Fund

Photographs by Marcus Adams



Mrs. Edward Wagg, who is seen above with her only child, Felicity, is the wife of Major Edward Wagg, serving in The London Scottish. She was before her marriage Miss Alice Geyelin, and is the second daughter of Mrs. Edward Nugent Head. Her husband is the eldest son of Mr. H. J. Wagg, and is a brother of Capt. Kenneth Wagg, who is in The Rifle Brigade



Mrs. Peter Julian Clive, only daughter of Brig.-Gen. William Harry Verelst Darell, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Darell, and niece of Sir Lionel Darell, Bt., married in 1934 the elder son of Sir Robert Clive, P.C., G.C.M.G., and the Hon. Lady Clive. Her daughter, Caroline, was born in 1935, and her son, Colin, is a year younger. Sir Robert Clive is a former British Ambassador to Japan and Belgium



Mrs. E. H. Rodwell, photographed with her children, Victoria and Andrew, is Lady Astbury's only daughter. Her husband, Major E. H. Rodwell, M.C., R.E., is the eldest son of Sir Cecil Rodwell, G.C.M.G., of Woodlands, Holbrook, Ipswich, a former Governor and C-in-C. of Southern Rhodesia, and Lady Rodwell. He has been serving abroad for over two years, and was in action in Greece and Crete



"Present Laughter"

Outraged feelings in Mayfair: smack
in the face for "unmitigated cad"



"This Happy Breed"

Christmas dinner in Sycamore Road:
Mr. Gibbons and family in 1925



"Present Laughter"

Cool and collected secret



"Present Laughter"



"This Happy Breed"

JAMES DONALD

Gaucky, queer young highbrow — Honest-to-goodness sailor

Every Other

... Noel Coward's
Step from the Ma
into the Human

● Noel Coward's season (July 3rd) is all too short. The suburban motif of *Fumed* sets a hot pace, but his tea is vintage champagne—a hot comedy, with Noel as the Cavalcade of humdrum—where daughters run away and tears abound. Where

Photographs by
Cecil Beaton



"Present Laughter"



"This Happy Breed"

JUDY CAMPBELL

Glamorous seductress — Loyal, working-class wife



MEASOR "This Happy Breed"
— Cockney maid-of-all-work



"Present Laughter"



JOYCE CAREY

"This Happy Breed"

Fickle actor's protecting wife — Suppressed suburban spinster

er Night . . .

Brilliant Company Change Their Skins and
Working Heights of French-Farcical Comedy
ies of a Working-Class Cockney Home

two plays on alternate nights at the Haymarket (it ends on
The switch from the smart technique of *Private Lives* to the
means hard work for the company. Mr. Coward's versatility
are equal to the changes of mood and character. *Present Laughter*
ing, witty, wise-cracking, amoral, cocktail-bedroom-dressing-gown
popular actor who is for ever acting. *This Happy Breed* is a
years of the Little Man's domestic ups and downs in Clapham,
to sin, mothers-in-law are garrulous, and decency, sentiment
in fact, it's good to be an Englishman and keep the flag flying



"Present Laughter"



JENNIFER GRAY

"This Happy Breed"

Infatuated young visitor — Black sheep of the family



"Present Laughter"



NOEL COWARD

"This Happy Breed"

Popular actor, wit, trifler, poseur — Plain Mr. Gibbons of Clapham Common

Four Canadians By Olive Snell



Major-General R. F. L. Keller has been serving with the Canadian Army Overseas since December 1939, being successively General Staff Officer of a Canadian division, C.O. of his own unit and an Infantry Brigade Commander. Born in England forty-two years ago, he was educated in Canada, graduating from the Royal Military College in 1920. His wife and two daughters live in Victoria, British Columbia



Major-General J. H. Roberts, D.S.O., M.C., was commissioned in the Royal Canadian Artillery in June 1914, on graduating from the Royal Military College. Serving overseas from 1915 to 1918, he was wounded and received the M.C. He has been in Britain since 1939, holding various important commands. He received the D.S.O. for his work as Commander, Military Forces at Dieppe, in August 1942. General Roberts married Mrs. Anne C. Fullerton last February



Lieut.-General H. D. G. Crerar, C.B., D.S.O., served in the last war with the Royal Canadian Artillery in France and Belgium, and was awarded the D.S.O. He occupied several Senior Staff appointments from 1920 to 1938, when he became Commandant, Royal Military College, a post he held until October 1939. Since the outbreak of war he has served at N.D. H.Q., Ottawa, as Senior Combatant Officer, Canadian Military H.Q., London, and Vice-Chief of General Staff, Ottawa. He now commands a Canadian Army division



Major-General H. L. N. Salmon, M.C., who was recently killed in a flying accident in Britain, was appointed a divisional commander in the Canadian Army Overseas last September. He enlisted in Canada in 1914 at the age of nineteen, serving later in France, where he won the M.C. and Bar. In 1930 he came to the Staff College, Camberley, becoming a General Staff Officer, and returned to Canada. He was back in this country in 1939 to take up a Staff job at the War Office

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Square Pegs, Square Holes!

ONE of the most difficult problems which face those who are intimately connected with winning this war is the placing of the right man in the right place at the right moment. Von Clausewitz, Napoleon, Mr. Bevin and some others have remarked upon this difficulty many a time. It demands genius. I produce a classic instance of sheer inspiration. Six ex-undertakers and one gravedigger presented themselves at the prescribed moment to the appropriate person for military service. What did he do? Without one moment's hesitation, he posted the whole shooting match to the R.A.M.C.

Postponement

THE unavoidable alteration in the dates of the two first classic races may be a great benefit to some of the intending competitors, and not least, as I figure things out, to Nasrullah. It would have given his sorely-tried trainer a little extra time in which to take some of the sauce out of him: that is to say, if it was only sauce we saw on the Chatteris Stakes day and nothing worse. As to Lady Sybil, I hope we may have better news than that which our eyes gave us in that race, for she is such a beautiful thing, with that true action that counts for almost anything. I should hate to believe that we saw the best of her in the race under notice. A war incident put the Newmarket battleground temporarily out of action, and I hope that it was only the racing surface which suffered damage. The new dates are May 25 and 26.

Blue Cap—Blue Peter—The Tetrarch

WHILST some of the racing intelligentsia have hazarded the guess that Lord Rosebery's stylish filly Blue Cap, by his 1939 Derby winner, Blue Peter, may be another Sun Chariot in the making, others, who claim to be equally intelligent, have revived the old story about the supposedly non-staying Tetrarch blood. I should have thought that, in view of the recorded facts, we might have relegated this to its proper category—that of the myths. The same

suspicion, as is well known to one and all around and about, still persists where the Sunstar-Sundridge-Amphion line is concerned. No chestnut of that house is trusted any more than is a grey of the house of Roi Herode. Sunstar, the 1911 Derby winner, was a bay. Of The Tetrarch's three Leger winners, Caligula (1920) was a grey, Polemarch (1921) was a chestnut, Salmon Trout (1942) was a bay, Blue Peter, a great-grandson of The Tetrarch, is a chestnut, and his daughter, Blue Cap, out of Bonnet by Sandwich out of Bon Grace, is another chestnut. And still there are some Doubting Thomases. Blue Peter won his Derby in a canter by four lengths from Fox Cub and Heliopolis, the former certainly a good one with, oddly enough, a strain of that "doubtful" Roi Herode blood in his pedigree and, even worse still, with Amphion in the back row on his dam's side. Like Blue Peter, however, his pedigree was otherwise flooded with St. Simon (Galopin) blood. Anyway, however good or however bad he was on that May Derby Day in 1939, Blue Peter proved himself at the very least 12 lb. better than Fox Cub, and I think any handicapper who made a stone or more of it would have been justified. And yet some people still persist in saying that The Tetrarch strain is lacking in staying qualities. Blue Peter went on to win the Eclipse (1½ miles) in July 1939, and did so in quite as effortless style as he had won the Derby and as he must have won the Leger if there had been one.

A Tetrarch Memory

I NEVER saw him when, as "The Spotted Wonder," he had that one brief and brilliant season, because I was then in furrin parts many thousands of miles away. He never ran after his two-year-old season. It will be difficult to forget when I did see him, his son, Tetratema, and his grandson, Mr. Jinks, all on the same day at the Mount Juliet Stud, when I was lucky enough to be staying with the owner and Master of the Kilkenny (the oldest pack in Ireland) for the pleasant diversion of fox-hunting. The Tetrarch was then pure white, Tetratema an undoubted grey, not a roan, and Mr. Jinks a grey. It was about the time, or



D. R. Stuart

Officers of an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in the North

Standing: F/O. R. A. Beardsley, D.F.C.,
S/Ldr. C. W. Petre, S/Ldr. J. H. Lapsley,
D.F.C. Sitting: G/Capt. C. Walter, O.B.E.,
W/Cdr. R. A. Barton, D.F.C. and Bar

shortly after, perhaps, when Mrs. Horace Colemore painted that wonderful portrait of the old horse—surely the best thing of its kind that has ever been done. I remember that the old Tetrarch was full of fire and vigour, and he was a magnificent sight as he stormed up the field to his master for food and caresses. Other things also stamp this occasion upon one's memory—two absolute jewels of Irish hunters, the blood-like ruby brown I had in the morning hunt in the Highlands over the "City of Ballyhale," and a grey clipper in the afternoon, who fled over a narrow bank, a real razor-topper, so fast that he might have been frightening if I had not found out how perfect he was. Incidentally, Effervescence, Mrs. Hartigan's colt, who ran second to Blue Cap at the Craven Meeting, is by Mr. Jinks. Like his sire, he is a grey. Blue Cap, in receipt of the sex allowance, beat him very comfortably by two lengths. Since then Effervescence has won the 5-furlong Barrow Stakes at Newmarket. He started at 13 to 8 on, which price plainly showed what those wily birds, the metalicians, thought of Blue Cap. Blue Cap's most serious challenger amongst this year's offerings seems to be Miss Dorothy Paget's Orison colt.

(Concluded on page 244)



The Royal Dublin Society's Spring Show at Ballsbridge

Poole, Dublin

Mrs. E. Glen Browne, wife of Mr. E. Glen Browne, one of the judges of the horse-jumping, Mrs. Dominic Browne and Mrs. P. Dunne Cullinane were watching the jumping together

Sisters there were Miss Gloria Nugent and Lady Prichard-Jones, wife of Sir John Prichard-Jones, Bt. They are the daughters of the well-known Irish owner, Sir Walter Nugent, Bt.

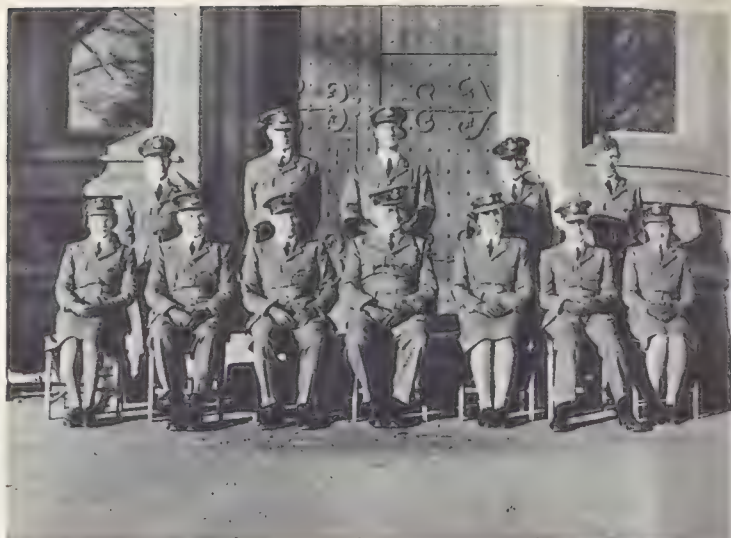
Mrs. W. Hall, Master of the Carlow Hounds, was with the Earl of Dunraven, who won several prizes with his Kerry cattle, and Mrs. John Alexander, acting Master of the Limerick Hounds



D. R. Stuart

Staff Officers of an R.A.F. Operational Training Unit

Front row: S/O. S. L. R. Wotherspoon, F/Lt. R. Deacon-Elliott, D.F.C., and "Flak," G/Capt. C. Walter, O.B.E., W/Cdr. C. Howells, S/O. J. A. Bell. Middle row: F/Lt. W. D. Coleman, M.B.E., a Polish officer, F/Lt. H. C. Fairbrother, P/O. R. McAllister, F/Lt. R. A. Godsell, P/O. W. G. Vridger, P/O. L. A. Drew. Back row: P/O. J. L. Pinson, P/O. J. M. Nicol, a Polish officer, P/O. E. C. Oliver, a Polish officer, P/O. J. F. M. Wright



D. R. Stuart

Officers of an Administrative Branch of the R.A.F.

Back row: F/Lt. W. D. J. Seymour, F/Lt. E. W. Carmichael, S/Ldr. J. R. Butler, S/Ldr. C. E. Channing, A.F.C., F/Lt. M. A. Salter. Front row: S/O. D. M. C. Robins, F/Lt. R. Greville-Heygate, W/Cdr. K. I. Goodman, W/Cdr. J. D. I. Wear, Wing/O. L. M. R. Turner, S/Ldr. R. G. H. Cunningham, S/O. J. M. Winks



"The Troops Take a Breather on the Heath." By "The Tout"

Lt.-Gen. H. Lumsden, who recently received a bar to his D.S.O., was a leading performer at pre-war Grand Military meetings. He won the G.M. Gold Cup at Sandown Park in '26 on Foxtrot. Capt. Philip Dunne owns champion sprinter Portobello, as well as a number of useful horses under the care of R. J. Colling at Newmarket. Private Billy Nevett is in the R.A.V.C., and has been crack flat-race jockey in the North for many years. Billy steered Owen Tudor to victory in the New Derby at Newmarket two years ago. Private J. Sime is Dawson Waugh's smart apprentice. He rode Capt. John Baillie's filly, Ferle, in her successes last year. Like Billy Nevett, he is in the R.A.V.C. Lt.-Col. "Ted" Lyon, a well-known figure in the hunting field before the war, especially with the Grafton, came to enjoy an afternoon's sport at Headquarters the other day. Capt. J. Humphreys, who owns a few horses in America, and Major Nathan Harris were among many U.S. officers and other ranks who came to relax at Newmarket

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Carbine

IN a note upon the death of the Duke of Portland, who owned this great New Zealand sire, I said that he had won the Melbourne Cup with 10 st. 5 lb., and upon another occasion with a slightly lighter burden. The second part of this statement was not correct. He ran second in 1889, the year before his win, with 9 st. 12 lb.—a bumper, anyway, to carry over two miles. No horse excepting Mr. Rodney Dangar's Peter Pan has won the Melbourne Cup twice in the last seventy-two years. Someone who saw Carbine win, Brig.-Gen. Rose-Price, kindly told me of my error. It would not have happened if all my Australian racing records had not been destroyed by the Vermin. It is always unsafe to trust to one's memory, and the 1889 performance with 9 st. 12 lb. had become fixed in my mind as a win. Brig.-Gen. Rose-Price was a boy trumpeter in the Governor's Escort when Carbine won in 1890. Afterwards, this officer went to Probyn's Horse (Indian Army) and later to the Welsh Guards. He writes me about that famous race: "It was a scene of intense excitement, as Carbine was indeed a public idol in those far-off days. He passed the stand first time round right back in the middle of the huge field, but he had his old head in front the next time—at the winning-post! The enormous Flemington crowd went quite mad." Other people who knew the great horse in his racing days have told me that he had to be almost pushed by hand down to the start, not from any such reasons as influence the 1943 Derby favourite, but simply because he was of a very placid temperament and saw no reason for expending any vital energy until the actual zero hour.

Peter Pan

THIS grand chestnut horse, so his owner told me by letter, is another placid one. He was the greatest performer of his generation, and up to his five-year-old period had won, according to the Australian count, 20½ races, the "half," of course, being a dead-heat; he had run second four times, and only been unplaced six times out of his thirty-one starts. His wins included the two Melbourne Cups already mentioned, the A.J.C. Derby, the 1 mile All-Aged Stakes at Randwick, putting up an Australasian record of 1 min. 35½ secs.; the Jubilee Cup with 9 st. 7 lb., also at Randwick, beating Akuna (7 st. 4 lb.), the Sydney Cup winner, in heavy going—and Peter won in a canter by five lengths.



There Was Once a Jeep of Algeria . . .

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Here is a case of truth being stranger than fiction—the story told in a B.B.C. broadcast by a submarine Commander about one of the latest amphibian Jeeps in North African waters. The submarine Captain at a North African port, known as Captain (S.), in charge of submarines there, was very taken with these astonishing machines, which are cars on land or motor-boats afloat. Being a popular officer, the Americans generously presented him with his own Jeep; consequently, instead of a picket pilot boat going out to meet incoming submarines and piloting them into harbour, Captain (S.) proudly runs out to sea in his Jeep and personally brings in his submarines, much to the astonishment of H.M. crews. Whether the A.A. scout on a moored raft, the A.B. on the starboard bow of the submarine taking soundings with the hand lead, the traffic lights and the Beuttler seagulls are strictly accurate we leave to the decision of naval experts

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The English

THE English puzzle their neighbours, and, though not greatly given to introspection, from time to time discover that they puzzle themselves. The French, the Irish and the Americans have failed—each race in its individual way—to get, so far, to the heart of the English mystery: they may even ask if it has a heart. Nearer home, I have heard animated discussions of this same topic among the Scots and the Welsh. For my own part, as an Irishwoman who has spent more than half of her life in this country, I still find myself never ceasing to be surprised. I begin, however, to know the English just well enough to be irritated by the mistakes, by the trite, uninformed remarks, that their otherwise clever neighbours have made, and still make, about them.

Some years ago, G. R. Renier's book, *The English: Are they Human?* caused a wide, though not disagreeable, stir. Since then, events have made it still more imperative that the English should be at least to some extent understood, and that any explanation of them should tally with the part they at present play in the world. And in the time soon to come—the time of planning and rebuilding—comprehension of England by those who are working with her will be essential. This holds true, and is most pressing of all, with regard to America. The cousinly tie with America, the apparent sameness of aim and the common language breed, oddly enough, their particular difficulties.

Intelligent people in America have been the first to recognise, and to deplore, these difficulties and the first to wish that they should be overcome. It was at the request of a New York publisher that *The English People* has been written by D. W. Brogan—for the Americans. Equally rightly, *The English People* has also been made available to the English people by its publication in England by Hamish Hamilton (at 6s. 6d.). You may well feel you should know what is being said.

Having opened *The English People* with curiosity, with, perhaps, some shyness and with ears preparing to burn, you will continue to read it with fascination. The book, as you will realise from the first page, is not any one of the three things that you may have feared—an attempt to "sell" the English to the American public, an attempt to justify them at the expense of frankness, or an attempt to endear them by comic irony. You will also note—and, I hope, count this in the book's favour—that Mr. Brogan makes clear, in an early page of the Preface, that though he lives in England, he has, as far as is known to him, no English blood at all.

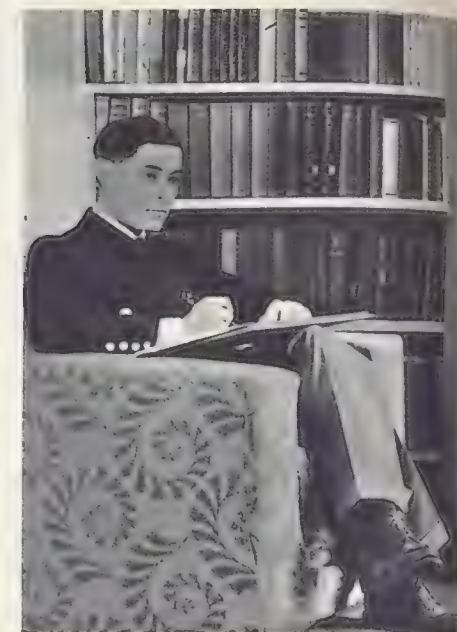
In England I am still a foreigner of a kind, cut off by my Irish and Scottish background and ancestry from many of the spontaneously English reactions of true-born

Englishmen. And, without striving for any pedantic uniformity, when I write "English" or "England," I usually mean the English people and England, not the British people and Britain. After all, the English people, not the British people or the British Empire, is the basic problem to the American people and to Hitler.

It seems to be right that the task of explaining the English to others should fall to a man who has had, by his own showing, first to explain the English to himself. That he has, by an Irish-Scots blend of intuition and reason, arrived at a pretty close understanding is not likely, I think, to be challenged by anyone. And he has, as a non-Englishman (in his own strict sense) two distinct advantages: he can write about the English with an ideal detachment, and he can pin down, in order to analyse, what is puzzling about them to the rest of the world. As a recognised non-Englishman in America (and, no doubt, in France and elsewhere, too), he must have heard fuller, freer criticisms of England than good American manners, otherwise, would permit. He is therefore specially well qualified to tell the Americans what they want to know. He can explode stale myths, lay bogies, account for at least some inconsistencies and allay doubts.

Institutions

You might fairly expect a book of this kind to contain some statements so obvious as to amuse you. But *The English People* is on a far from obvious plane—for the excellent reason that few Americans (outside the pages of our own comic fiction) are as naïve or dense or ill-informed as we think. Mr. Brogan writes for



A. Rahm

H.R.H. Prince Chula of Siam, G.C.V.O.

Prince Chula, seen working on his new novel, based on Siamese history, recently published his autobiography, "Brought Up in England." Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he represented Siam at King George's coronation and was a former delegate to the League of Nations

the type of American reader who does not make elementary mistakes, and whose critical curiosity about England is adult enough to be taken into English regard. And not a few things about England that worry Americans might well worry the English more than they do.

Americans worry because England appears, less imperfectly democratic than one could

wish. They worry about the apparent injustices of the English educational system, with particular regard to the public schools. (Mr. Brogan's chapter on Education, in answer to this, shows a sanity and unheatedness that commands admiration.) They worry about, or, at least, are perplexed by, English religion—is the established Church of England an anachronism: how great a part does it play in national life? They worry about our Empire—is it run for gain? And still more about our policy in India. And under headings less specific than these, they are troubled by a number of *idées fixes*. They often find it difficult to link up the modern, off-hand, easy-going Englishman with his ancient, very imposing past. It must appear to some American eyes that the English fail to honour their own heritage.

In his discussion of England and the English, Mr. Brogan reaches several truths that strike home. On both sides of the Atlantic readers, I think, will agree he is just and fearless. It may, in one or two cases, require the English reader to say just how right he is. Several of his statements give food for thought—where one feels one does not agree with him, it is interesting

(Concluded on page 249)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

"In reality," I remarked to my friend, "I am a very lonely man!"

He stared at me incredulously, visualising the crowd among which I habitually live. "You will be lonely, too, one day," I added, somewhat chilled by his incomprehension, because we had shared a good many confidences. "You, too, will be lonely one day, but—you won't know it!" (I knew his wife.)

She loved him in her fashion, but her love was of the lock-and-key variety. She is one of those who, having got her man, imprison him within her selfishly blind devotion. He would be allowed no friends of his own, unless they were of her own choosing and actually belonged to herself first of all. He is by nature faithful and she takes advantage of it to nail him to her chariot. He is hers, and, although she takes no trouble to enter into his private feelings, his enthusiasms, his intellectual life, his natural sense of fun, he belongs to her, and at every sign of selecting a side of life for himself, she will disapprove of it on principle and never seek to share it. Nevertheless, he loves her, chiefly because she happens to be his wife and it was easier always to remember that fact than risk a scene—that scene which she is always ready to spring upon him out of the domestic "blue" if so much as a mild exhibition of restlessness disturbs her emotional peace. Given time, he will become almost a nonentity. Metaphorically speaking, he will always open the restaurant door for her, but she will march in without the least acknowledgment

and decide promptly what they are going to eat.

So, I repeat, he will often feel very lonely—but he won't know it. He will put down any feeling of inner-frustration to a dozen facts unconnected with the cause. He will feel bored and never know the reason why. Having given up his life to another's selfishness, he will realise the loss inwardly without being able to trace backward the slavery which is now his. Everybody will congratulate him on his domestic happiness because his devoted wife never leaves his side. They will not realise that his habitual expression is of one who is "shut in" or that of his wife as becoming more grim and determined as the years roll by. She will have nagged him into submission and put forth her fidelity towards him as her excuse.

Thus it seems to me that the minor virtues of a war are not always fully realised. It shakes the egoist and the selfish out of their self-satisfaction supremely well. It finds them gasping and allows occasionally their victims to escape. Being forced to sacrifice themselves, they become too full of self-pity henceforth to sacrifice others. It shakes the petty-Hitlers of both sexes in rude fashion. They are suddenly confronted by the virtue of living-and-letting-live; that all of us are loved for what we are, never for what we grip. That to receive willingly one must give willingly. That to hold down is to hold nothing. That individuality is sacred and that self-sacrifice, though it may hurt our pride, brings with it the love we merit—no more and no less.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Harker — Campigli

Capt. Robert K. S. Harker, R.A., only son of Mr. K. F. Harker, of Haisthorpe Hall, Driffield, East Yorkshire, married Kathleen Patricia Campigli, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. M. Campigli, of Dunsley, Milford-on-Sea, at St. James's, Spanish Place



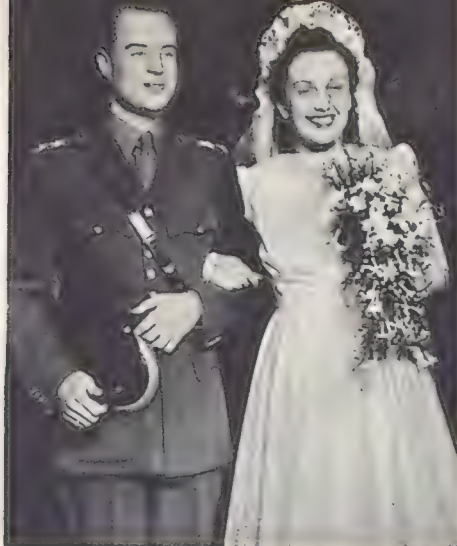
Squire Stevens — Jeannotte

William Arthur Squire Stevens, M.R.C.V.S., only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Squire Stevens, of Kent House, Southsea, married Hermine Marie Louise Jeannotte, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Jeannotte, of Montreal, and The Mount, Waterlooville, at Havant Catholic Church



Gray — Sinclair

Lt. Andrew Gray, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Gray, of Gleniffer, Mochrum Road, Glasgow, married Lois Violet Sinclair, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sinclair, of Bishop's Mead, The Bishop's Avenue, N.W., at Hampstead



Knight — Chevenix-Trench

Lt. Charles Brodie Knight, Welsh Guards, son of the late Capt. C. Knight and Mrs. Knight, of 54, Crompton Court, London, married Diana Chevenix-Trench, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Chevenix-Trench, of Dragon Farm, Long Crendon, Bucks., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Beeton — Buxton

Lt.-Cdr. A. W. Beeton, Royal Indian Navy, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Beeton, of Spilsby, Lincolnshire, married Victoria L. R. Buxton, eldest daughter of Capt. R. H. V. Buxton, of Greatbridge House, Romsey, Hants., at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Brech — Barlow

Lt. Ronald Brech, R.A.C., son of Mrs. Brech, of Clapham Park, and Margaret (Peggy) Barlow, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barlow, of Mostyn Road, Wimbledon, were married at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wimbledon

P. Kay



Studd — Hamilton

Capt. Peter M. Studd, R.A., elder son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Studd, of Park Mansions, Knightsbridge, married Angela Mary Hamilton, widow of the late Major C. P. Hamilton, of Shropham Hall, Norwich, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Forbes — Shaw

Lt. Walter Keith Forbes, R.A.S.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Forbes, of Cheltenham, married Nan M. R. Shaw, daughter of the late George Shaw and Mrs. Shaw, of Lancaster Gate, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Madgwick — Vicary

Lt. E. T. G. Madgwick, R.C.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Madgwick, of Ottawa, married Margaret A. K. Vicary, only daughter of Col. A. C. Vicary and the late Mrs. Vicary, of Scorhill, Chagford, Devon, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 233)

mother, which paired well with the aquamarine engagement-ring. Young Master Winston Churchill, who arrived with his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill, soon held a reception by himself! He acted as page with the bride's brother, little Lord Charlie Churchill, both in white sailor suits. There were two bridesmaids, too—Lady Rosemary Churchill, the bride's youngest sister, and her cousin, Miss Catherine de Trafford. Their frocks were filmy, long-skirted ones of champagne-coloured tulle embroidered in gold tinsel. The bridegroom gave them chain bracelets with a square pendant with their names.

The reception at Mr. "Chippys" Channon's beautiful house in Belgrave Square was crowded, and after the cake had been cut with the groom's sword, Capt. Bellars, R.N., proposed the health of the bridal couple, referring to the fourteen months during which the groom served under him while he was an officer in the R.N.V.R., before joining the U.S. Navy. Admiral Stark, U.S. Navy, was there, with many of the groom's fellow naval officers and ratings, who were seeing with evident interest what used to be known as a "London Society wedding." The Duchess of Marlborough greeted her many friends and relations, who included her sisters, Lady Stanley, Lady Hillingdon, the Hon. Lady de Trafford and the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, and their respective sons and daughters. Mrs. Winston Churchill was there, and so were Major John Churchill, Lord Digby, the Marquess of Blandford and his cousin, Simon Gilmour, who acted as ushers. The Argentine Ambassador and his wife and Lady Theodosia Cadogan represented diplomacy.

For the rest, I saw Lady Cunard, chatting on a sofa with Mr. Channon; Lady Ashburton (just recovered from measles), with her mother, Lady Harcourt; Mrs. Crocker Bulteel, with her daughter, Diana; Lady Errington, who came with Lady (Anthony) Meyer; Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin, who decided to carry her hat in her hand after a while; Lady Malcolm (who was admiring the excellent portrait of Mr. Channon and his small son, in the morning-room); Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, down from her Red Cross work in Inverness; and a host of others, such as the Hon. Mrs. Michael Astor, with her mother, Mrs. J. A. Dewar; Capt. and Mrs. Denis Alexander, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, the Hon. Neville Berry and Lady Honor Llewellyn.

Round About London

IN spite of the heat-wave which came to London after the cold snap, restaurants seemed just as full as ever.

At the May Fair, in the lounge, was the Countess of Eldon, with some friends. She is one of the heads of the British Red Cross Society and comes up to town twice a week to the Red Cross Headquarters in London, in addition to the tremendous amount of Red Cross work she gets through in the south-west of England. It was her organisation that was responsible for sending out a pair of new legs to W/Cdr. Douglas Bader.

At a neighbouring table was Miss Barbara Denison-Pender, the niece of Lord Pender. A promising young playwright and poetess, she is hoping to have her new play produced in the late autumn. She studied acting in Paris under Sacha Guitry and played a small but interesting part in that immensely successful film, *Champs Elysées*.

In the May Fair restaurant, on the same day as he had received the D.S.O. from the King, was G/Capt. "Hughie" Idwal Edwards, who already holds the V.C. and D.F.C. He was holding a very small celebration party with his wife and family.



Canteen Loaned to Dock Workers

A Mobile Kitchen Unit, presented by Beta Sigma Phi, an organisation of business and professional girls in Canada and America, to Miss Margerie Scott, for the use of the Borough of Chelsea, has been loaned to the Dock workers. Above are: Miss Margerie Scott, Mrs. Roberts (Commandant of the Women's Legion), Lady Templeton and Lady Hilton-Green

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 246)

to work out exactly *why*. The chapters on "England as a Democracy," "The Empire," "India" and "The English and the Outside World" seem to me particularly important. He is excellent on the subject of snobbishness, on the English manner or manners (often found so annoying) and the psychological causes from which these spring.

At Home and Abroad

"ALWAYS AFTERNOON," by Faith Compton Mackenzie (Collins, 12s. 6d.), is, once more, a book of memories, fit successor to *As Much as I Dare* and *More Than I Should*. Without at any time being sentimental—without denying the power of change, loss, grief—Mrs. Compton Mackenzie paints happiness as few can. She can so write of a house as to make one enter, even inhabit it—and, perhaps because she has changed homes so often, she can capture the essence of what is home. On the other hand, she can give herself up wholeheartedly to the joys of travel—and she invites her reader to share every shade of these. Picnic lunch off *pâté de foie gras* and Chablis, at the tree-shaded edge of a French cornfield—this is only one high point of her touring days!

Certainly, memories are capital—and how wisely she laid in her store of these! Who was it said: "This is wisdom—to live the greatest number of good days"? France, Italy, Austria all smile in her pages. I read of these with nostalgia, and read with amusement of the booming, highly theatrical White Horse Inn, so little unlike its counterpart on the stage. . . . Neither space nor time constricts Mrs. Compton Mackenzie's pen: her writing follows the zigzags of memory—one thing reminding her of another, she darts from country to country, to and fro in the years. This may be erratic, but it is stylish.

The people in *Always Afternoon* are no more to be forgotten than the houses, the recalcitrant, snooty motor-car (that packed up completely when it was asked to live near a bungalow), or the delicious food. All portraits show an affectionate perspicacity. From this whole tissue of times and scenes childish memories stand out clearest, most true and strong. When I was young I used to pray for a dolls' house that had electric light. The Stone children, at Stonehouse, actually had one:—

It was no ordinary dolls' house. It had been made in the carpenter's shop by boys with professional help, modelled on the cottage Edward had built in the upper field, gabled and painted a dull brick-red. There was an alcove in the dining-room, and a staircase, down which the resident dolls crashed from their bedrooms, to sit drunkenly at the dining-room table discussing immense indestructible viands, or to lounge in abandoned attitudes on pink sofas and chairs in the drawing-room, while one of their party sat helpless at the piano. The cook, surrounded by every possible aid to her art, usually sprawled over the kitchen table, her cap on one side and her apron sadly crumpled. . . .

Surprising City

"THE RENEGADE," by Alfred Perles (George Allen and Unwin, 8s. 6d.), has the distinction of being a novel written in English by a Continental new-comer to our shores, who has only learned English within the last few years. You would never think so, but for some few small errors—and these (though I feel that they might well have been corrected) are sophisticated rather than elementary. M. Alfred Perles's actual nationality I do not know: his reputation follows him here from Paris; his previous works (vide Henry Miller's preface) are in French; the hero of *The Renegade* (who tells the story) is a Frenchman, and one what might be called slightly French interlude has been tactfully left in the narrator's native tongue.

The Renegade opens as—and would it had gone on being!—a rather brilliant account of immediately pre-war London as seen through the eyes of André Perreau—refugee from no political trouble but from an ugly crisis in his affairs in France. The physical atmosphere of some parts of London—as the City, sombre and bleak with February, looms on a grown-up Frenchman for the first time—could not be better conveyed. Perreau's first weeks of solitary wandering hold one's imagination. But, alas, as the plot thickens the interest slackens—or so I found. For truly our hero consorts with some boring types: seedy sub-intellectuals and their girl-friends, who seem to absorb and deaden his Gallic wit as grey blotting-paper might mop up wine. His social survey of London carries him no further than the environs of Gower Street, with one or two excursions into the King's Road, and evenings spent at the headquarters of the Anthroposophical Society.

I had a gloomy feeling, as I attacked some chapters, that much of this had been written about before, but that M. Perles had not the slightest idea this was so. I regretted that he should waste fresh wit on such shop-soiled topics. André finished up in the British Army, and I see that *The Renegade* was written "In the Field."

Rhodesian Mystery

"THE HOUSE OF SHADOWS," by J. Jefferson Farjeon (Crime Club, 7s. 6d.), is a thriller that gains much from its atmosphere—rain in Rhodesia, a deserted, remote house, whose gloomy windows are crimsoned by the reflections of bougainvilleas outdoors. Here Rhoda Alcott, the girl who arrived too late, senses the mystery of her father's death. Morley Styles, avoicer of women, does not avoid Rhoda. They contend, together, with perils, including witchcraft.

Readers who enjoy Miss Elizabeth Bowen's weekly book reviews in *THE TATLER* will be interested to know that her latest work, *Seven Winters*, Memories of a Dublin Childhood (the authoress's own), has recently been published by Longmans, at 3s. 6d. Her last book, *Bowen's Court*, came out in July 1942.

The new 'DIRNDL' SKIRT

*goes out with success
for wartime even-
ings and saves you
coupons . . .*

**ONLY FOUR
COUPONS** and worn
with different blouses
you have several gay
outfits for wartime
occasions, theatres,
dinners and thé dan-
sants, with just the
right "crisp" appear-
ance of to-day's "un-
fussy" fashions . . .



This attractive version
from our collection is
in a black moire, with
original pocket and a
stiffened corselet belt
for the young figure.
Hip sizes 36 **80/2**
to 40 ins.

(4 coupons)

A delightful blouse for
wearing with these
skirts is in all silk
georgette with tiny
frills, and invisible front
fastening. In cham-
pagne, silver, Tunis
beige, lake blue and
cedar **£5. 8. 9**
green.

(4 coupons)

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

(Debenhams Ltd.)



SAVE - AND STAY BEAUTIFUL!

No one suggests that in wartime you should throw away your beauty or forgo your feminine privilege of charming and encouraging. To remain fresh, radiant, unruffled in spite of difficulties is good for your own morale and for the morale of others; but to spend on a lavish scale is nowadays unthinkable. Supplies, moreover, are restricted; nor as a patriotic woman would you wish it otherwise. Concentrate on the essentials of beauty. Invest in a few precious preparations and make them last and last. Put the money you save straight into

3%

DEFENCE BONDS

ELIZABETH ARDEN, 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.1

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



The housecoat has achieved a great success in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, where a great variety of models may be seen. The one portrayed above is of a silken material in a perfectly glorious colour scheme in which are subtly blended sunset as well as orange and unusual mimosa tints. It is just one of those affairs which cannot fail to please. The coat may be worn with or without the sash, and another point in its favour is that it may be slipped on in the fraction of a second. A few words must be said about the neat tailored woolly wrappers, which are warm, light and very decorative. Pinafore dresses in various colours are regarded with favour by the younger woman. It is in this department that the trousseau has been given the utmost consideration; each individual garment is lovely, including washing-satin wrappers



Warmly to be congratulated are Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, on their collection of Coat Frocks, which are carried out in tweed and other fabrics of a similar character. They button through and may be worn all the year round. Then there are jumper suits which really are coupon-savers; they are ideal for wearing when engaged in sedentary war work. No one should leave these salons until they have seen the cotton blouses; they wear very well

Past-masters in the art of designing the classic tailored suit are Nicolls, of Regent Street. Fashioned in tweed and other similar fabrics, the one below has a neat collar and rever. It is semi-fitting, hence the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. Battledress outfits have met with great success. Furthermore, a feature is made of comforts and necessities for men and women in the Forces



Miss Grown-up



...THE Shape of Things to Come in her young life is this transitional two-piece in fine wool bouclé. Attractive features of the dress are the scalloped neck-line and the bodice gathered to one side with butterfly bows. 25 coupons.

from the Juvenile Department at

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH
LIMITED

"SPECIALITY"
is the
Word



"Good Evening"

Send 1d. stamp for our folder "Frocks for all Occasions," or sixpence for a series.



"Good Morning"

WE have sketched one of our "interesting" frocks—something which is unusual and yet so useful with the added joy of being economical in coupons. "Good Morning," you say, wearing the snappy blouse with its leather belt fitting snugly round waist. And yet how attractive when you say "Good Evening" in your simple frock worn beneath this sporting little adjunct. Becoming in either wool (17 coupons) or silk (11 coupons) and we can quote you accordingly. Speciality Gowns: First Floor.

FROM
MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

HERE is a typical American story: Police Officers Blair and Shor were driving round in a radio patrol car. It was a delightful day, and the two minions of the law were quite contented as they talked of football, and the latest movies, and who the next commissioner would be.

Suddenly over their radio came a call for them. "Calling car 34," the voice said. "Calling car 34. . . . There is a 400-pound lady stuck in a bathtub at 945 Lewis Avenue. . . . The lady can't get out of the bathtub by herself. . . . Need assistance. . . . Go there immediately. . . . That is all."

Officer Blair, driving the car, pulled over to the kerb. His face was a bright red.

"This is terrible," he moaned. "I can't go on a case like that; I'm a married man. And my wife's a peculiar woman. If she ever heard I walked in on a strange woman in a bathtub, she'd have a fit!"

Officer Shor was a man of understanding. He nodded slowly.

"I realise your position, Blair," he said. "You drive on—and I'll think of something."

A few minutes later, the car drove up to a police-box and Officer Shor hopped nimbly from the vehicle. He phoned headquarters.

"Shor speaking for Blair and Shor in car 34," he reported. "Regarding 400-pound lady stuck in bathtub—everything is under control."

"Good work," complimented headquarters. "Did you get the lady out of the tub?"

Officer Shor shook his head.

"Not yet," he admitted brightly. "But we mailed her a package of reducing salts!"

THIS story reached the B.B.C. European section via a traveller from Spain. It is going the rounds on the Continent.

A Spaniard at an Italian aerodrome noticed a troop carrier into which a parachutist climbed and after him twenty infantrymen. On inquiry the Spaniard was told it was a paratroop unit.

"But," he exclaimed, "only one parachutist, and twenty men without parachutes!"

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "the twenty infantrymen go to push the parachutist out."

THE patient was describing his symptoms to his doctor.

"I feel as if I've got steel bands round my chest," he moaned; "my head's like a sieve; my heart beats like a steam-engine; my eyes are like balls of fire; my throat's like a rasp; and my feet are like lumps of lead."

The doctor suppressed a smile.

"H'm," he said. "Well, my dear sir, you'd better go straight along to your salvage depot."



Star of "Vintage Wine"

Beryl Mason, twenty-two years old leading lady in the revival of the Seymour Hicks-Ashley Dukes comedy, "Vintage Wine," has been on the stage for seven years. She has understudied and played for Jessie Matthews, Patricia Burke and Leonora Corbett, in pantomime, revue, and musical comedy.

OVERHEARD at a super cinema de luxe in the West End of London, where they have tiny page-boys, garbed in elaborate little fancy dresses who are supposed to live up to the very highest cinematic ideals.

Two little pages fell into argument and one said: "You an' 'ow'd yer like to 'ave sock in the jaw, eh?"

With that, one of the ad flunkies turned on the severely.

"You forget you are in uniform," he said solemnly.

"I say, old man," said Brown, "what about the th shillings you owe me?"

"Quite all right," replied Green, airily, "it's your birthday next Sunday and I'm going to bring it to you with congratulations."

"You just bring me money," grunted Brown, "I'll congratulate myself."

AFTER the optician had tested the professor's eyes and found them wanting, he said:

"And now, sir, what shall it be—eyeglasses or spectacles?"

"Spectacles, please," replied the professor, "and think I'd better have three pairs."

"Three pairs!" ejaculated the optician. "Three, sir?"

"Well," said the professor, "I want one pair home and one for my office, and a third pair to for the other two."

THE NEED FOR PAPER ECONOMY INCREASES DAILY.

PLEASE DO YOUR SHARE, AND SAVE EVERY SCRAP.



This elegant blouse with its softly draped bow and lovely sleeves is perfect for a smart town suit. In white, ice blue, turquoise or black. Bust sizes: 34:36:38. 4 coupons £5.13.9

An ideal blouse for any suit—crisp washing Voile with long sleeves and an adjustable neck-line. Bust sizes: 34:36:38. White only. 4 coupons 57/11

We regret we cannot send these blouses on approval

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

SLOane 3440



COTY

WORLD BEAUTY SERVICE

Coty's Empire is world-wide. For thirty-three years Coty Creations have won the hearts of lovely women throughout the world with a Beauty Service that is unique.

To-day, though this service is of necessity curtailed, there is no surrender of quality in such Coty Creations as are still available. Make the most of them till Victory permits the full resumption of the World Beauty Service created by Coty.

Coty

The creators of L'Origan, L'Aimant, Paris, Chypre, Emeraude, Styx, Muguet, "Air Spun" Face Powder, Eau de Coty, Eau de Cologne Cordon Rouge, Eau de Cologne Four Seasons, etc., etc.

Polka Dots
Lead or
Summer
mariness



Showers of polka dots on a becoming "Utility" Dress in artificial silk crêpe. With crisp tailored bodice, softly gathered hipline, and clever detail in the unusual breast-pockets. In gold, blue, moss green, dusty pink, red, navy or black. Hip sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 in. **53'7**

(7 coupons)

Expensive Gowns: Second Floor

Wan & Edgar
LTD.

Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

Regent 1616

Just leave it all to the **Austin Reed Service**

W.A.A.F. Tunic	
and Skirt from	£11 2 6
Greatcoat - from	11 14 3
Shirts - - from	15 6
Collars - each	1 9
Cap and Badge	
	from £2 2 3
Stockings - from	3 9
Shoes - - from	£2 1 0
Tie - - - from	3 6
Gloves - - from	10 6



AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

Telephone: Regent '6789

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Official Argument

SINCE *Razze* became unobtainable I have been a devoted reader of the Reports of the Select Committee on National Expenditure. Here one finds the human touch which is lacking in other war-time publications; one finds strong views, clearly expressed, without fear or favour. One finds a refusal to be awed by official pomp and something approaching that irreverence which Mark Twain regarded as the most valuable quality in a free press.

On aerodromes and aerodrome construction the Select Committee had a good deal to say and some of it was not entirely complimentary to the Air Ministry. So now the Air Ministry has replied.

Its replies are contained in a White Paper which also contains the replies of other Government departments to comments of the Select Committee. And the conclusion to which the reader is led is that the answers of the Government departments are somewhat unconvincing.

The wording of the official replies is often loose. For instance, where the Select Committee's recommendation was that: "The Air Ministry should consider more carefully the time that it will take to complete each contract . . ." the Air Ministry's reply begins: "The time for the completion of works is carefully considered by the Air Ministry. . ."

That looks like refuting an allegation that is not made. The Committee did not say that the Air Ministry does not carefully consider these things; it urged that it should consider them "more carefully." In almost every reply examples can be found of lack of precision in the wording.

What happens next I do not know. It seems that when the Select Committee has made its recommendations, and the Government departments concerned have replied to them, the whole matter is regarded as satisfactorily settled and nobody has to do anything more about it.

Yet the Select Committee has often been so good



Congratulations for the Commandant

Commandant Rene, D.F.C. (centre), was congratulated by Mme Vallin and Colonel Corniglion-Molinier on his skill in destroying the thousandth aircraft brought down by his sector. This twenty-nine years old Frenchman commanded an English squadron in the Battle of Britain

when it has dealt with matters directly or indirectly concerned with aviation, that it seems a pity that its time and trouble should be brought to a dead end in a White Paper.

In any case argument between elevated bodies always makes good reading; the contrast between the show of unemotional objectivity in the statements and the hidden scorn is pleasing to the onlooker.

Flying by Book

THERE is yet another kind of official publication to which I can give unstinted praise—thereby abandoning my tenaciously held position as an opponent of all Government publications—and that is *Elementary Flying Training*.

It is a small ninepenny booklet issued by the Air Ministry as a sort of introduction to flying for those who intend to enter the Royal Air Force. Well written, clear and concise, this is the best kind of official booklet and it deserves (and will certainly get) a wide public.

THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, MAY 26, 1945

In deference to Air Ministry rulings the author becomes a little involved when he tries to explain why a tractor airscrew should be called a "propeller." It seems that the way the term "propeller" is justified (not as slang but as the approved term) is that a tractor airscrew pushes the air backwards and in so doing pushes the aircraft forwards!

I cannot imagine how the Air Ministry has so involved in its treatment of these terms. Airscrew should be the family name and propeller or tractor airscrew the specific names. Most people can do without any particular difficulty whether they are pushing the salt cellar away from them or pulling to them.

However this little quibble does not in the least diminish the excellence of the book. It is one of the best things of its kind and it does enable the student to get a sound grip of the fundamentals of flight.

Fighting French Pilots

I AM writing these notes on the morning of the first when the *Groupe de Chasse Alsace* intends to hold its first formal party. In Tunisia and in Western Europe the pilots of Fighting France have been doing great deeds. They are showing all the fine spirit and dash that was shown by their predecessors of the war 1914-18. In that war French pilots often visited the squadron—Guynemer being among them. They had a streak of individualism and took less kindly to the formation work the Royal Flying Corps was developing; but they were superlatively good in battle.

As a letter appeared in *The Times* the other day about the first use of aircraft cannon, it is well recalling that Guynemer was one of two or three French pilots who used cannon in their air fighting in the earlier war. In fact the very weapon now used by the Royal Air Force is a development of the aircraft cannon of those earlier days.

Guynemer, however, was not entirely in favour of the cannon though he gained some of his success with it. He saw clearly the logic of the position which was that in those days, when heavy armour was not carried, hits with ordinary machine gun bullets were sufficient to bring down an aeroplane. Consequently there was no need for the larger projectile. Moreover, rate of fire went down as projectile size went up and rate of fire was then of supreme importance.



★ **Vitabuoy**

Life-Saving
OVERCOAT

★ **Vitabeau**

Military and A.R.P.
TRENCH COATS

★ **M**UCH to our regret we are unable to manufacture any more of these wonderful coats. There are still a few available in one or two stores, and if you will drop us a line we will be glad to tell you where you can possibly buy one if you act at once

Vitabuoy Products Ltd.

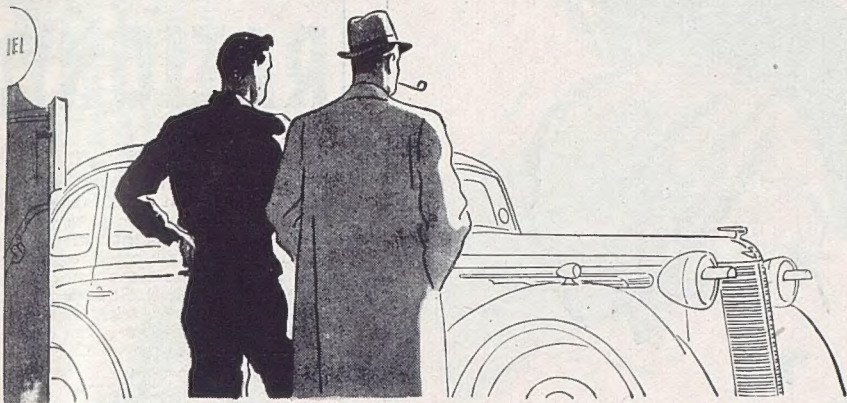
Beaufort House, Gravel Lane, London, E.1.

Telephone: BISHopsgate 6565.

FROM AUSTINS...



TO AUSTIN OWNERS



A LITTLE CARE SAVES A LOT OF WEAR

Even careful owners, anxious to keep their Austins in good trim to do an efficient war-time job, often haven't time these days to be very familiar with the working parts of their cars. When you ask your dealer to do some job of servicing, you may easily have left some-

thing else overlooked. Faulty wheel alignment, for instance, wearing out valuable tyres, or incorrect lubrication, reducing the life of metal surfaces. Ask your dealer to check up. In the long run it will be cheaper for you—and definitely better for the Country.

Help your **AUSTIN** to help the Country

The AUSTIN MAGAZINE may help you too—4d monthly from your newsagent • THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM



we've earned a gin & Votrix..

You're right on the target when you ask for Votrix. It's a true Vermouth blended in the traditional way with juice of Empire grapes and aromatic herbs and spices. In common also with every good Vermouth, it has its own special recipe and its own distinctive character. Those who know good wines agree that Votrix is the equal of any of the imported Vermouths we knew before the war.

VOTRIX VERMOUTH

Votrix, produced at the Vine Products vintnery in Surrey may often be difficult to get, owing to wartime restrictions, but it is still available. To meet increased duties imposed by the Budget, the prices are now: Votrix "Dry," bottle size 71/6; Votrix "Sweet," bottle size 71/-.



Burlingtons are the perfect alternative to imported Havanas. Guaranteed made and rolled from the finest imported Havana and other world famous cigar leaf.

BURLINGTON
Cigars
Half Coronas 1/2 Petit Coronas 1/7
Coronas 2/-
Obtainable from all High Class Dealers and Stores

BURLINGTON CIGARS, 173, NEW BOND STREET, W.1

QUALITY CLOTHES

from....

Gorrings
A TAILORED

Summer Dress



"AINSDALE"

Simple yet distinctive tailored Gown in various designs of prints. Navy/Blue, Navy/White, Red/Green, Black/White, Navy/Green/Red, Black/Red/Green. Hips 38 to 44. (7 coupons)

£7.9.0

Please give second choice of colours.

GORRINGES GAZETTE

Please send 4d. for Summer and July issues.

Summer issue now ready.

Frederick Gorrings, Ltd.

Buckingham Palace Road

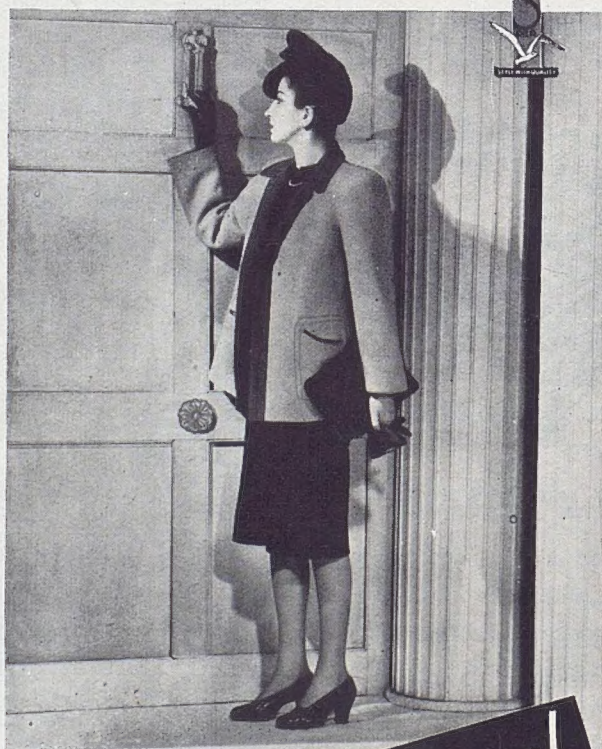
Phone: VICTORIA 6666 (24 lines) S.W.1



*Tango
Hats*

*(It is Quality that
calls when Quantity
falls)*

OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING MILLINERS



The Best in Utility...

The New
"JEEP" COAT

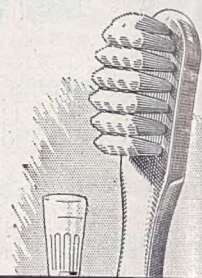
Wool and Camel, perfectly modelled
in the latest Spring contrasting shades

Seigal
MODEL

FROM LEADING FASHION HOUSES EVERYWHERE

TEETH ARE RATIONED

The teeth we have now must last a lifetime: there is no re-issue. Obviously, then, we must do everything possible to preserve them. Thorough brushing after every meal is a precaution open to us all: but brushing with a toothbrush that fails to reach the entire surface of every tooth that fails to remove the particles of food lodged in the crevices between the teeth is inefficient. Tek is scientifically designed to fit every mouth, to clean every tooth and every part of every tooth.



MADE IN ENGLAND
Tek

BRISTLES 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5p
NYLON 1/8 Plus Purchase Tax 4p

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON & JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd.
Slough and Gargrave

JACQMAR'S

New Cashmere Tweed, 54 inches wide, in several soft shades of brown or grey, is 61/10 per yard (4½ coupons)

Write for Patterns to:

JACQMAR

16 GROSVENOR STREET

LONDON, W.1

FACE
Confidence
with

Trust

COMPLEXION
POWDER
& LIPSTICK

2/8
INCLUDING
TAX

OBTAINABLE IN
6 LOVELY SHADES
1/4 & 1/4
INCLUDING
TAX

FROM ALL STORES, CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS

GREAT SCOTCH!

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH—GENTLE AS A LAMB

Chosen for years by Connoisseurs

O.A.16



Enquiries:
Nicoll Clothes
13 & 14 GOLDEN SQUARE
W.1

Agents in West End:

NICOLLS of REGENT STREET

120 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

TEL.: REGENT 1951



L.506



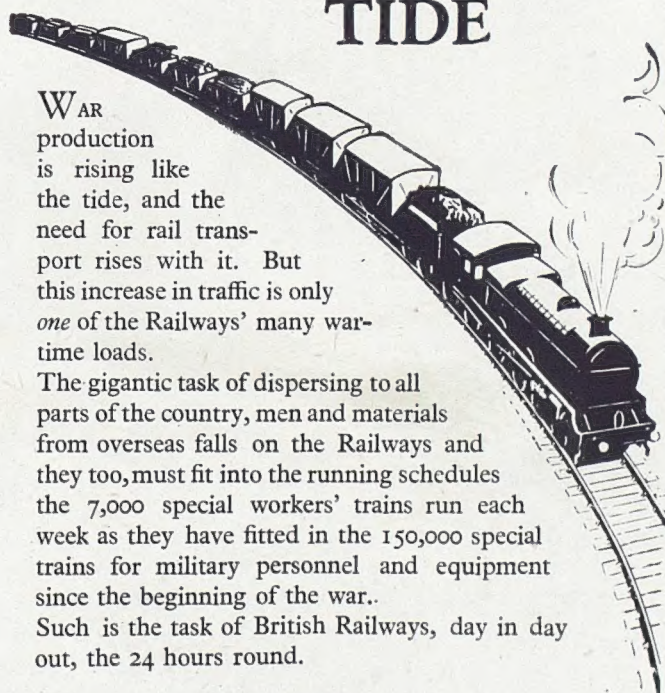
"Manhandling now..."

How the grime of a man's job gets right into a woman's skin. And how Wright's—that famous standby—gets it right out again. More than that, it leaves the skin smooth and clear; protected against chance infections and septic abrasions. It's a "health insurance" and a "beauty treatment" in one.

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

7½d. per tablet—inc. tax—1 coupon

The EVER RISING TIDE



WAR production is rising like the tide, and the need for rail transport rises with it. But this increase in traffic is only one of the Railways' many war-time loads.

The gigantic task of dispersing to all parts of the country, men and materials from overseas falls on the Railways and they too, must fit into the running schedules the 7,000 special workers' trains run each week as they have fitted in the 150,000 special trains for military personnel and equipment since the beginning of the war. Such is the task of British Railways, day in day out, the 24 hours round.

BRITISH
GWR · LMS



RAILWAYS
LNER · SR

Carrying the War Load

KERFOOT'S MEDICATED PASTILLES

embodying the
manufacturing
experience of
eighty years

MENTHOL · EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH · ANTISEPTIC THROAT
GLYCERINE OF THYMOL

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire

P1

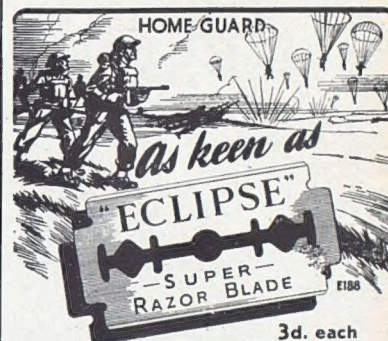
THE TAO CLINIC SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Permanently destroyed by advanced Electrolysis. 75 hairs destroyed for 10/6, a 20-minute sitting. Each treatment singly. No scarring. Practically painless. Moles and warts successfully removed. Medically approved. Consultations free by appointment, when a frank and honest diagnosis of each case will be given.

Appointments accepted for Saturday afternoons.

Phone - - - KEN 9055

175 KNIGHTSBRIDGE



3d. each

Including Purchase Tax

—their efficient service is unbeatable. The clean, comfortable shaving of "Eclipse" Blades (now in the popular slotted pattern) amply repays the persistence needed to obtain them, while supplies are limited.

Obtainable only from Retailers

JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD.



Specify

REDI-BILT INTERLININGS

LOOK FOR
THIS SEAL
ON YOUR
NEXT SUIT

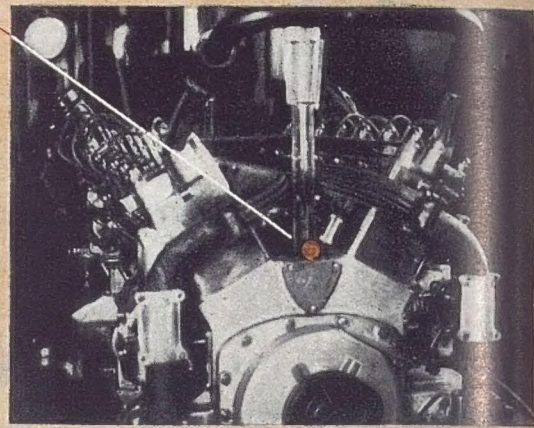
AND KEEP
YOUR SUIT
IN BETTER
SHAPE

AND THE PENNY DOESN'T FALL!

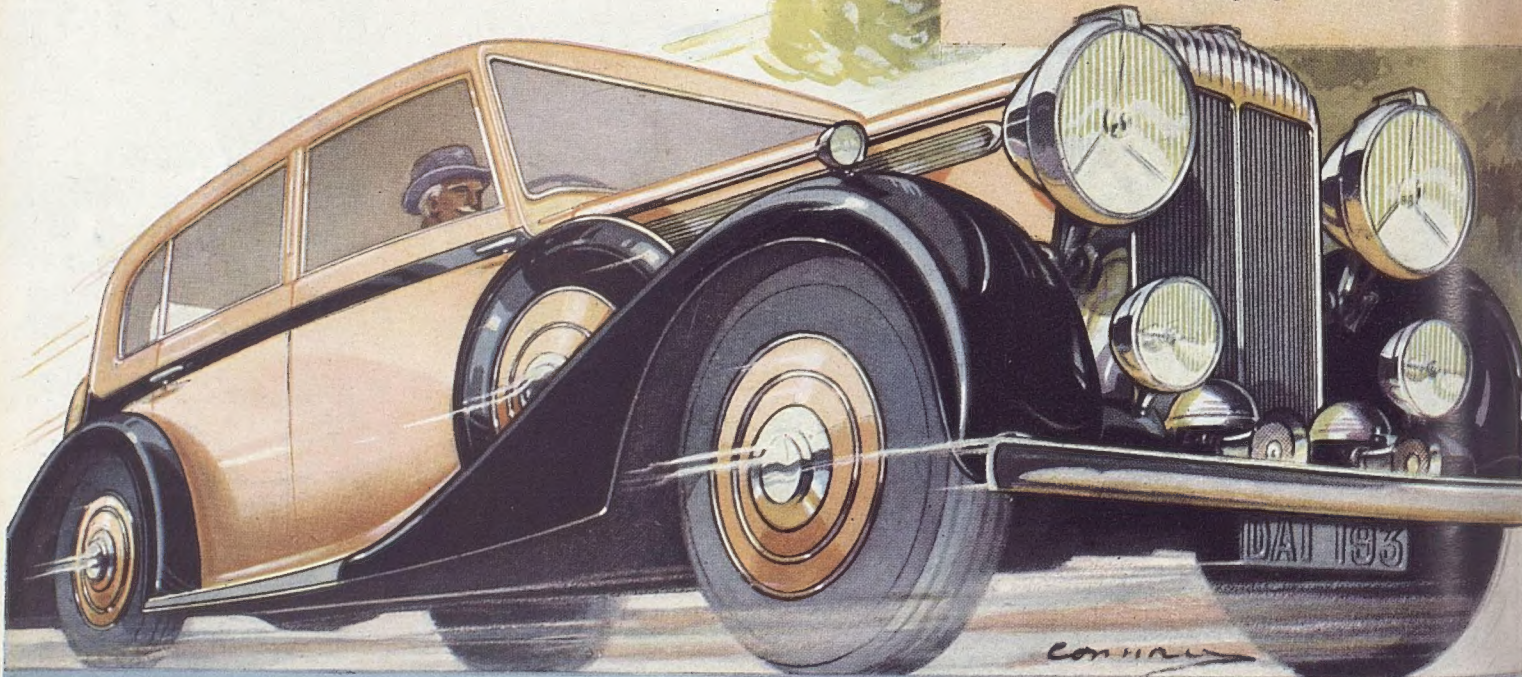


To stand a penny on edge is never easy. To stand it on edge on a running engine sounds next to impossible. Yet here is a photograph of an impromptu experiment carried out at the Daimler works. A penny was stood on edge on a famous Daimler engine — and though the engine was running, the penny didn't fall! A decisive tribute to the smoothness of Daimler engines. And since that time Daimler has advanced still further. Daimler engines have come to be recognised the world over as one of the triumphs of British engineering. At present, wartime experience is being garnered, and in the coming days of peace will be used in the production of even finer Daimler Cars.

Smooth as a zephyr — fast as a gale — the Daimler 4 litre saloon was a marvel of 1939 . . . and Daimler promise yet better cars for the post-war years.



This is the photograph — unretouched — of the penny standing firmly on its edge while the powerful Daimler engine runs with unsurpassed smoothness. Note also the glass of water balanced on a tube — on the running engine!



Daimler

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LTD., LONDON AND COVENTRY.